

HEROIC ADDRESS IN PROSE,

TO THE

REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S.

REGIUS PROFESSOR of DIVINITY in the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE,
and ARCH-DEACON of ELY,

ON

his late DISCOURSE delivered to the CLERGY of the ARCH-
DEACONRY of ELY, on May 9 and 10, 1780.

ADORNED WITH NOTES ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

me deduce all from the HEBREW; others call into their Assistance the ARABIC
and COPTIC; or *whatever Tongue or Dialect makes most for their Purpose.*

BRYANT'S Mythol. v. i. p. 134.

Rafel mai amech zabi almi,
Cominciò a gridar la fiera bocca,
Cui non si convenien più dolci salmi.*

DANT. Inf. c. 31.

* Guazzabuglio di linguaggi fatto ad arte.

Comment. de Pomp. Venturi.

Ἀπροσικτων ερωτων οξυτεραι μανιαι.

PIND. Nem. xi.

واصبح عرين المثارم اجدعا

E. Lib. HAMASA.

B. They then talked to him in the Arabic Tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed had
very great weight with him.

SWIFT of E. Curl.

the Author of the HEROIC EPISTLE to the same Reverend Personage.

Quippe FEROX VITULUS templis maturus et aræ.

Juv. Sat. 12.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, ADELPHI, STRAND.

MDCCCLXXX,

W. M. Mather.

Ad labores meos quod attinet, si cui libeat in eorum reprehensionem aut sibi, aut Aliis placere; Veterem certe et ultimam patientiam petitionem exhibebunt illi; Verbera, sed audi.

BACON. de Augm. Scient. l. 8. sub fin.

My Bookseller has just sent me a production of one of my *Reprehensionists*, which is stil'd "An Answer to the Heroic Epistle to Dr. Watson;" all I can say is, that

WATSON thus prais'd, is damn'd beyond my Satire.

AN ARCHDEACON ought to have a good and sufficient study of Books, and particularly the *Monuments* or *Book of Martyrs*;—he ought not only to be endowed with sound knowledge and learning but also with gravity and modesty:—he ought to propose some part of the New Testament to be learned by heart by the Country Curates who have not taken their degree of M. A. and denounce against such as are negligent. AYLIFFE's Parergon, fol. 99.

Shew his eyes, and let his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

N.B. *Eight Archdeacons* appear and pass over in order, the last holding a glass in his hand, with AYLIFFE following them.

Dr. Watf. What is this so?

Ayl. Aye, Sir, all this is so.

See MACBETH

I find my fate is like that of poor OEdipus;

Ελαμψε γαρ του νιφεντος

Αρτιάς φανείσα

Φαμα Παρνασσου,

Τον ΑΔΗΛΟΝ ΑΝΔΡΑ παντ' ΙΧΘΕΥΕΙΝ.

SOPH. Œd. Ty

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subject which I have undertaken to treat of, may by many be considered as more adapted to Poetry than Prose. I had three reasons which induced me to fix upon the latter. The first and principal was, my knowledge of that impatience with which the public waits for any attempt to illustrate Dr. Watson's works; and, had I chosen "to lisp in numbers," it must have required several weeks to form my accents in a manner suitable to the dignity of the theme. The second was, that the public, being in possession of a specimen of my poetical abilities, I was desirous they should be also acquainted with the tone and march of my Prose*. The third and last was this, that my subject seemed to clash with my friend Macgreggor; as his hero Sir William Chambers's Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, and my Archdeacon's Discourse to the Clergy of Ely, are works of almost equal merit on similar subjects. They both have sought the *sun and summer gale*, equally despising the *green lap of nature*, and scorning the appellation of *her Darlings*.

Jam pridem Syrus in *Thamesin* defluxit Orontes.

But I have no inclination to dispute with Macgreggor *de divisione agrorum*: Crœdill and Cervetto, Giardini and Cramer,

* Ecartons la Muse empêchée,
Qui se guindant sur des grands mots,
Préside à la Prose toisée.
Des Poètes Collegiaux.

GRESSET.

can maintain with dignity their respective stations; and each may bear a brother near his throne without the least apprehension. And should any one term me a pert, prim, prating coxcomb, with other significant titles, he but offends his own lungs; frustra ferro diverberat umbram: for, as Castiglione observes, “a mask confers a right of acting and speaking with little or no reserve, even when the wearer happens to be known.” But as to my *Heroic Epistle*, that I hope may have something in common with Macgreggor’s; though neither the * North nor the West are so favourable to the Muse as the prolific * East. But should it fall into the hands of Mr. Joseph White, B. D. Laudian Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, &c. &c. I hope, after he has perused the following pages, he may speak of that Epistle with the same rapture as he does of his Persian *Firdousi*†: “It always produces the *beautiful*, and is not unsuccessful when it aims at the *sublime*; of which the *Heroic Composition* of ‡ *Firdousi* is a shining instance.”

* Bp. Berkeley, somewhere in his *Minute Philosopher*, compares *Southern Wits* to Cucumbers, which are commonly all good in their kind; but at best are an insipid fruit: while the *Northern Geniusses* are like Melons, of which not one in fifty is good; but when it is so, it has an exquisite relish. The bishop has not compared the *North* with the *East*.

† See a specimen of the Civil and Military institutes of Timour or Tamerlane, &c. Printed for Elmsley, by Joseph White, B. D. Laud. Profes. Arab. &c. &c. Preface, page 1.

‡ *Firdousi*.—This gentleman is, I believe, the same *Firdusius*, whom Mr. Jones in his ingenious, learned, and elegant Commentaries on the Asiatic Poetry, styles Poeta sine controversiâ admirabilis. It seems he published a vol. of Poems entitled شاه نامه *Shah Nama*, among which is this, nobilissimum et longissimum Poema: Voluminis enim permagni prope dimidiam partem constituit. Comment. Asiat. Poet. p. 293, 294. Mr. Jones informs me it is a *Poema vere Epicum*; otherwise I should have thought it an *Heroic Epistle* to some Chambers or Watson of the East, under the titles of *Gaichofra* or *Gaicobad*.

P. S. I am informed that some unfortunate Cambridge Book-sellers lie under the sentence of Excommunication denounced against them by the Pontifex Maximus and some Heads of houses*, for having presumed to sell copies of my Heroic Epistle to the young students. Dr. W. has read Tacitus, as I am willing to believe; he would therefore do well to consider the nature of compositions in general; of none more than the present, quæ, quanto majore studio teguntur, tanto infensius sunt eruptura.

I have been told also that there are some *college prigs*, and pompous *shallow* specious senior-fellows in Cambridge and Oxford; some of whom affect to *know me by my stile*, and some affirm me to be an *Academic*. I fondly thought that dreaming ignorance, and †mathematic ‡*un-Atwood-like* dullness were the ingredients of an Aca-

* ——— *Les meres notables,*
L'Etat major, les venerables
Vouloient, dans leur premier accès,
Bruler mes vers abominables,
Comme erronés, comme execrables, &c.

GRESSET, *Les Ombres*.

† *Mathematic dullness*. I hope the reader will not take me for one of those pert coxcombs, who, prostituting the name and dignity of a classical scholar, affect to despise *that* study, which, cultivated in a suitable manner, never fails to prove, what may be called, the *Nemean* nerve of the understanding. I only speak of an intemperate application to it, which its greatest advocates will allow, tends at least “to petrify the genius.” I look with a contempt mixt with pity on *that poor man*,

Hic qui abaco numeros, sectoque in pulvere metas
Scit risisse vafer.

PERS. Sat. I.

‡ *Un-Atwood-like*. I must again make honourable mention of the name of GEORGE ATWOOD, M. A.

Si quid *mea* carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori ILLUM eximet ævo.

Philo-

Academic Cauldron : to which when certain Witches have added the blind worm's sting, the gall of *goat*, and the wing of the owlet, with double double, useless toil and useless trouble, the feeble fire essays to burn, till the envenomed bubbling *gruel* is indeed *thick and slab*. I speak only of the Witches of an University, to Macbeth's number two or three, with a Hecate or Sagana at their head. Far be it from me to utter any thing with unhallowed disrespectful lip of any set of instructors, or of any place consecrated to the service of God and of mankind. I am not a *Vulsenius* : I can speak with the rapture of the glowing satirist ;

Dii majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui *Præceptorem* sancti voluere *Parentis*
Esse loco!

But

Philosophy beholds him, as it were, *dubiam per umbram*, like the darling hope of Imperial Rome in the fabled shades of Elysium : *melioribus oro auspiciis*—She calls him to her assistance : she commands him

To assume the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations †:

She bids him survey the wide vessel of the universe : she leads his highly-favour'd steps to the *mundi magnum et versatile templum*, exhorts him to enter with confidence, delivering into his hand the *golden keys*, and *golden compasses*. But I speak to HIM, who *ought* to hear :

Flacci

Verba per *attentam* non ibunt *Cæsaris* aurem?

THE WORK he meditates must be prosecuted in honourable leisure ; it is for the purged and * *vapoured* ear ; it requires that calm investigation whose silent powers command the world ; it is a

Magnæ mentis opus, nec te *lodice* parandâ.
Attonitæ.

† Akenfide.

* *Vaporatâ* lector mihi *serueat* aure. P. L. 83.

What

But as to the spell-muttering crew, and owls of boding cry—let them take heed; *my lion* may be roused as well as Dr. Watson's: *my lay will live*; it has some *vital signs* about it: let them, if they have read so much, if they startle not at the wand of Nature's own magician, if their spirit be not perturbed *ἑοαρ* *Περὶ δὲ αἰοντες*—Let them, I say, with awe remember, “The apparition of the armed head” that rose and *descended* without even the *umbra* of a name. But should a generous public foster my infant speech; I may hereafter wear upon my now *baby brow* the—But excuse me, Reader; I forget myself—

Caussa fuit PATER his:

Me puerum est ausus *Romam* portare docendum:

Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque senator.

Semet prognatos—

Avitâ

Ex re præberi sumptus quis crederet illos.—

Nil me poeniteat sanum PATRIS hujus.

What liberal heart, what judging eye

The flower *unheeded* will descry;

And bid it round heav'n's altars shed

The fragrance of its blushing head?

Will raise from earth the latent gem,

To glitter on the *Diadem*?

This tribute to real *genius* comes from a hand he *never* can suspect; *Genius* is, or ought to be, superior to *Vanity*; it knows its own worth, it rests in silent consciousness;

Ψυχῆς ἔμμη φαινον ὑπὲρ ἑοτοιο τιταίνων.

Naumach.

I make no apology for my *unsought*, *unpremeditated* quotations; he who feels not their force, was not made to read a note like this.

Chi mi darà la voce e le parole
 Convenienti à sì nobil soggetto?
 Chi l' ali al verso presterà che vole
 Tanto ch' arrive all' alto mio concetto?

Pardon the extravagance of filial affection; it is not too common: the idle parade of quotation my soul despises, and would spurn from her; but when my FATHER is the theme, my thoughts will breathe; my words will burn; the strains of bards of other times will rush forth spontaneously—strains that thrill in accordance to my feelings. Would thou *mightest* know HIM who touches my lips with fire; the *Man*, the *Father*, the *real Citizen*! When I sink in the silent grave, to fortune and to fame unknown, *perhaps* thou mayst: or when I—I was going to say—have courage to come forth, but perhaps

Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puerilli
 Finxerunt animi.

Reader, whoever thou art, if thou hast felt the *same* affection, thou wilt not laugh; if thou hast not, assume a virtue*, in pity spare humanity: revere the †*mollissima corda*, the milk of human kindness; revere what Nature, in her own impassioned

* Perhaps even the Reverend JOHN WARNER, D. D. &c. &c. though, as I am *very credibly* informed, he condemns the author of the Heroic Epistle to Dr. Watson, as a vile poetaster and imitator of *his friend* Macgreggor, will not, when he reads this passage, affirm the author to be a *bad man*.

Hear this and spare his family, JAMES MOORE.

POPE.

The reader will find more information relative to this *Gentleman* in a subsequent note.

† —ακρον μνηλον ψυχης. EURIP. Hippol.

language,

language, *confesses* to be the *nostri pars optima sensus*. I was about to erase what I had written in the fervour of affection: for "I was constrained until it was accomplished"—No, says my friend with sympathising warmth, no, it must not be erased; it must stand for the general eye, and general heart: let those laugh who dare. I consented; and as there are who love the language of the heart, pure as it flows from an honest uncorrupted source, to them I dedicate this *parental tribute*. I could have put it into rhyme, with all the sincerity of our *moral poet*, and with half his fire; but I chose otherwise: I hope by them, by all indeed, *Professione pietatis aut laudatus ero aut excusatus*.

But, non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ—I know it well; I am no Jerom; no dull preacher: I can laugh also from the heart, as I believe will appear in the following pages. But let me think of my *Heroic Epistle*—it is a precious puling, it will thrive I think. I should condemn my own dull soul if I were not proud to hear, and tell the world that

Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
 Valgius et probat *hanc* OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS—
 Demetri teque, Tigelli,
 Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

As to the *real* faults of either of these my compositions, I expect much indulgence from the season of my life. I am in that age, when the imagination is lively and vigorous, the heart warm and feeling, when the mind, often unable to contain itself, *lies* in a kind of pleasing *torture in restless ecstacy*; then springs aloft, grasping

grasping at it knows not what, “proud of its strong contention,
“proud to be daring”; bodying forth all the possibilities of ex-
istence, till at the last **nothing is, but what is not*—thence starting
from its trance, at intervals, with an impetuosity not to be resisted,
like the Ariel of Shakespeare, it *flames amazement*: now it walks
through trackless wilds, and the gloom of antique forests, then,
lays itself down by the side of some haunted brook in lonely en-
thusiasm;

And first a wildly-murm’ring sound ’gins creep
Shrill to its ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumine the vault of night.

—But let no cold-blooded critic condemn the fervour and glow
peculiar to this short-lived age; let the meteor, while it may,
stream to the troubled air; for ah! Britain’s † amiable best *Doric*
bard tells us,

Fancy and Hope too soon will of themselves expire.

For though I have endeavoured to strengthen the shoots of my
mind by lopping their luxuriance, by some application to severe
studies, not forgetting that science which is declared ‡ *to purge a*
rational soul: yet I think *Youth* is the season, when, if ever,

* ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΩΙ.

† See the *Minstrel* by Dr. Beattie, who has described the progress of youthful
genius, with the fire and feeling of a Shakespeare;

He best has painted, for he felt it most.

The whole poem of the *Minstrel* is what the inimitable Diderot would call,
“Un Enchaînement d’Idées austères et d’images touchantes qui tiennent l’attention
suspendue, et l’âme ravie.” Œuv. de Diderot, vol. 4. p. 4.

‡ Καθαρμοὶ ψυχῆς λογικῆς εἰσὶν αἱ μαθηματικαὶ ἐπιστήμαι.

HIEROCLES.

the exundans Ingenii fons * must be permitted to well forth with an unopposed stream, and suffered to flow in an unconfined channel.

Quell' onda, che ruina
Dalla pendice Alpina,
Balza, si frange e mormora,
Ma limpida si fà.

Altra riposa è vero
In cupo fondo ombroso,
Ma perde in quel riposo
Tutta la sua beltà.

* Dans l'incertitude de la vie humaine, évitons surtout la fausse prudence d'immoler le présent à l'avenir ; c'est souvent immoler ce qui est à ce qui ne sera point. Rendons l'homme heureux dans tous les âges, de peur qu'après bien des soins il ne meure avant de l'avoir été. Or s'il est un tems pour jouir de la vie, c'est assurément la fin de l'adolescence, où les facultés du cœur & de l'âme ont acquis leur plus grand vigueur, et où l'homme au milieu de sa course voit de plus loin les deux termes qui lui en font sentir la brièveté. Si l'imprudente jeunesse se trompe, ce n'est pas en ce qu'elle veut jouir ; c'est en ce qu'elle cherche la jouissance où elle n'est point, et qu'en s'appêtant un avenir misérable, elle ne fait pas même user du moment présent. * * * * * Irai-je en ce moment abréger un destin si doux ? Irai-je troubler une volupté si pure ? EMILE, vol. 4. p. 219. Ed. Amst. 1765.

This is that immortal work which, instead of procuring for its author the well-merited applause of mankind, exposed him to all the merciless fury of superstitious bigotry, and still severer fate ! to the base ingratitude of his own countrymen, for a series of years, till his Creator call'd him to that haven, " where the weary be at rest." Read Jean Jacques Rousseau's Letter to Mons. Beaumont, archbishop of Paris, and then apply to him what Arellius Fuscus said of Cicero : *Quamdiu usus litteris, honor summæ eloquentiæ pretium erit, admirabile posteris vigebis ingenium, et uno proscrip-* tus saculo, *proscribes Antonium omnibus.*

TO MY READERS.

I COULD wish, and respectfully request any gentleman who shall do me the honour to peruse the following pages, that he would first read the Address from beginning to the end without consulting any of the notes, except those which immediately refer to Dr. Watson's Discourse, lest their multiplicity should divert his attention from the argument. Afterwards he may either read, or pass them over, as his inclination may direct. I give this merely as a hint. Perhaps I may be asked, why the Notes were written at all? *Mon ami, c'est une autre affaire.* However I repeat my request.

11 JY 63

NE sævi magne SACERDOS,

Discedam, explebo numerum, *reddarque tenebris.*

This was my determination with the Virgilian Deiphobus when I compleated my *Heroic Epistle*; but alas!

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of my tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite
And drags me from the realms of night?

Ha!—no *vulgar man* art thou,
King of * *Eels*, I know thee now.



Dear and Rev. SIR,

I had little expectation of being called forth from the shade of that obscurity to which I had consigned myself, or of renewing my correspondence with you at so early a period. You however cannot imagine that on so short a notice I should entertain you with such a sublime strain of genuine Poetry, as late I warbled

* Archdeacon of *Ely*.

to

to the *Greggorian* lyre †. You may possibly remember, I gave it as my opinion in the closing note to my *Heroic Epistle*, that “an address to a *Great Man* in *prose*, was generally but a telum “imbelle sine ictu.” You will therefore, in the present case, perceive that I have no design of *wetting my grey-goose quill in your*

† A man of great genius having read my *Heroic Epistle*, and spoken of it in a manner, which even my modesty forbids me to mention, observed to a very learned friend, that the author seemed to have Macgreggor rather too much in his contemplation; upon which his friend replied with spirit, I cannot dispute your taste, but will not scruple to say with Dryden on another occasion,

Such noble vigour does his muse adorn,
That it seems borrow'd, where 'twas only born.

Perhaps after this anecdote the reader will question my modesty just mentioned; however I must say, that a little assurance, like Dr. Hill's *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man the perfect possession of himself. I now speak seriously. What can be more praise-worthy in a young man than to hold an honourable intercourse and familiarity with the finished models of Grecian and Roman literature, and with the most celebrated works of the greatest authors of the age in which he lives? with the Grays, the Akenfides, the Mafons, the Beatties, the Macgreggors; with the Juniuses, the Burkes, the Stuarts, the Humes, the Robertsons, the Fergusons, the Gibbons; with that chosen band, which may be justly stil'd the

Penitus convalle virenti

Inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras:

What, I say, can be more praise-worthy in a young man, than to pour their spirits in his own ear; to feed on their thoughts “that voluntary move harmonious numbers.” Here is no plagiarism; here is nothing which constitutes the servile imitator; nothing which can detract from originality; or if, in this fastidious age, we must needs qualify that word, it is an originality, like the Sampson of Milton, “gloriously rigged.” The reader of taste will thank me for reminding him of Longinus's remarks on this subject. Απο της των Αρχαιων μεγαλειουτας εις τας των ζηλωντων εκεινης ψυχας, ως απο ιερων στομιων, απορροαι τινες φερονται, ιφ'ων επιπνεομενοι, και οι μη λιαν φοβεαστινοι, τω ετερον συνενθουσι μεγαθει. Longin. de Sublim. sect. 13.

‡ Stuarts.—Andrew Stuart, Esq; author of the *Letters to Lord Mansfield* on the Douglas cause; and Gilbert Stuart, L.L.D. author of the “*View of Society in Europe*,” a work in which that aspiring young man has opened the fountains of ancient lore, has made the desert smile, and where he found with the great Spelman, *linguam peregrinam, dialectum barbaram, methodum inconcinnam*, (Præfat. ad Glossar.) he has substituted glowing language, luminous order, and picturesque description, tracing his subject to its remotest source with a peculiar penetration and originality, which distinguishes his work from that of the justly celebrated Dr. Robertson; from whose merits I would not be understood to detract. The author of the *History of Scotland* will be for ever renowned, while diligent investigation and a perspicuous arrangement shall be had in esteem.

heart's

heart's blood: far be from me such sanguinary thoughts; my harmless aim is only to win my easy way to the region of your sensibility, and to play gently about your *warm cheek and rising bosom*.

But trust me, Sir, I have no design to mislead you: I hang out no false lights; I shall give you no * *posita pro nomine signa*; I never partook of *the same* college-board, or attended the same college-lectures *with you*: I boast of no alliance with the names of Jenyns, Cumberland, Hayley, or W—r †. I am but a plain man, to use Mr. Locke's words to the Bp. of Worcester; yet can

* See Letter to Dr. Richard Watson, &c. p. 1. Cadell.

† Some persons have done *the Reverend* J—N W—r, D. D. &c. (commonly known by the name of *J—k W—r*) the honour to ascribe the "Letter to Dr. R. Watson, printed for T. Cadell," to his pen, because they remember he *was* what is called—a d-mn'd clever fellow at college. The suspicion however has now subsided. This Dr. W—r, I hear, affects to give himself airs, because George Augustus Selwyn, Esq. (a gentleman of the first character for polite behaviour and that urbanity, which Dryden calls well-mannered wit) chose him for his companion in a tour to France and Italy:

Sese aliquem credens Italo quod honore supinus.

His first introduction to Mr. Selwyn must have been a pleasant scene;

Ut venit coram, singultim pauca locutus,

Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari.

His cotemporaries will bear testimony to his modest hesitating taciturnity; though sometimes indeed "he is instant in season and *out of season*." I have been informed also that he allows the author of the Heroic Epistle to Dr. W. to have much reading, and that he can *quote* powerfully.—I thank him for the merit he allows me, and am of opinion that *He*, and all who *know him*, will think the following (from Mr. Gray) is not the least *powerful* of all my quotations. "*Eusden* was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last *he turned out a ———*." Gray's Letters, l. 28. sect. 4. *Mason's* edition. Yet this is the man who, as I am told, calls himself Dr. Watson's *old friend*. Indeed!—I should not have wasted a note on such a personage, or singled him out from a *particular set*, but that I mean the name of W—r should stand for a species; as the *Jacobs*, the *Oldmixons*, &c. I am a *very* obscure man; but have uncommon information sometimes.

Melius non tangere clamo,

Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

I behold you in full possession of your great abilities, and in the plenitude of your academical power, without one secret silent murmur at the mediocrity either of *my* fortune, or of *my* talents. However, as *Sempronius* cursed the boy's hand by which he fell; so you perhaps may shew a few irksome signs of fatal curiosity to discover your *young Juba*. But let me tell you, my bookseller is a man of honour; it will be vain to dispatch any disciple of the Watsonian school to the metropolis, or even to invest a *brother professor* † with the character of plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary, in order to *sound* Mr. Becket: his experience has taught him to beware the glozings of an artful tongue; and the insidious questions of a civilian sophist. He loves an open, frank, generous behaviour; he despises any *thing*, be it fiend or man, that can

Through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursue his way,
And swim, or sink, or wade, or *creep*, or fly*.

Dr. Watson had better employ more *powerful* emissaries to decry my Epistle; such as the *W—rs* are only the

Λαῖροι
πανγλωσσία, κοράνες ὡς,
ἀκράντα γὰρνετον.

PIND. Ol. 2.

† If I have been misinformed in respect to this anecdote relating to the "Letter to Dr. Richard Watson, printed by T. Cadell," I retract my words most cordially and willingly. Dr. H— has here an opportunity given him of vindicating his character from a foul aspersion; if it be true, may these lines (if such lines survive) stamp this and all other similar mean ungenerous proceedings with an indelible mark; may *the hell-bound infamy* pursue them! For though I profess myself

Ravished with delight

Of the celestial song and music's wond'rous might;
yet there are qualities, there are virtues, which I revere still more; among them are—the firmness of a man, and the spirit of a gentleman.

* MILT. b. 2. 948.

Let

Let me assure you, he will spurn even an *Ulpian* from him with indignation, as *I hope* Mr. * Cadell did; he will boldly tell the Roman Jurisconsultus, that secrecy is a duty which he and every honest man owes to an author who generously entrusts him with his name. Mr. B. will remember Hamlet's advice; he will "never, by pronouncing some doubtful phrase, as *well*, "*well, we know—or we could, and if we would, or—if we list* "*to speak, or—there be, an if we might*, denote that he knows "ought of me:" and if Quintilian thought that Rhetoric suffered no disgrace from his dedication to *Trypho*; and if Horace has consecrated in his immortal works the name of the Roman

* I think it proper to inform my reader that a friend of mine offered my *Heroic Epistle* to Mr. Cadell before either he or myself had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Becket, whom I have reason to mention with the highest respect. I think myself fortunate in having *escaped* Mr. Cadell's hands, surrounded as he is by men of eminent merit, and eminent curiosity. My *Heroic Epistle* it seems was too *trifling* to be noticed or printed by one who thinks himself the chief of London's *Sofii*; whose cares are engaged in GREATER works; in bulky compilations—and in *histories* which, though sanctified by Mr. Hayley, and *complimentarily confused* with much *liberality of sentiment* by Dr. Watson, attack with glozing delusive eloquence the dearest privileges, the only hopes of desponding humanity. Mr. Gibbon strives to be what the Italians call the *Sferradore* of our religious anchor—

Come vento, che prima a pena spire,
Poi cominci a crollar frassini e cerri—

No one is more sensible of Mr. G.'s real merits than I am: I read with rapture the story of Palmyra's queen; and I can congratulate my country on her English Tacitus, when he delineates the civil and religious state of Persia, or the ruder annals of ancient Germany, with a skill scarce inferior to his whom he stiles "the most penetrating Genius of antiquity." Si sic omnia dixisset!—I cannot pay a more proper respect to Mr. G. than in the words of a great poet worthy of a better age:

O Linguam viro verborum fonte fluentem;
Romani decus eloquii!
Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum; cui fordida monstra
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.

PRUDENTIUS, Apostrophe ad Symmachum.

Sofii;

Sofii †; surely the dignity of my *humble Address* can receive no diminution by inserting therein the name of Mr. Becket.

The avidity, Sir, with which I peruse, perpend, and then pronounce upon all your writings, naturally prompted me to send for your late learned work, just fresh from Cambridge, entitled, “A Discourse (Heaven defend them from considering it as a “*Charge!*”) delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely,” who, it seems, *pendebant* narrantis ab ore during the 9th and 10th days of May 1780. I am to consider it as a sort of Inauguration Speech on your entering on your new office of Archdeacon. There certainly is a propriety in it, though I cannot say you ‡ “tread in the steps of *any* of your predecessors.” It was thus that the Squire of La Mancha harangued his new subjects when he descended from his dear Dapple in the kingdom of *Barataria*: and I sincerely wish you had as able a master to direct your conduct in your high archidiaconal station in the *Anguillarian Island*.

By this Discourse, I find you now aspire to more extensive dominion: you *æstuate in the narrow limits* of England, Greece, and Rome; and intend to *transfretate* the Ganges in the spirit of the great ideal conqueror, of whom it was predicted,

† By this is not meant that “*hic meret ara liber Sofiis*.” I never received as, argentum or aurum, filed or unfiled, sweated or unsweated, from my bookseller as a reward for this Address, or for my Heroic Epistle:

D'autres font des vers par metier,

J'en fais pour me defennuyer.

original poet in the French language: he was a great favourite with Mr. Gray. GRESSET: perhaps the most

‡ Dr. W.'s Disc. p. 1.

—Super

———Super et Garamantas & Indos

Proferet imperium.

Æn. 6.

I most cordially wish you the desired success in so arduous an undertaking; I have no doubt but that the Emperor will permit you, like the great Leviathan, to take your pastime in the Indian stream, and will speak of you to his prime minister, in the words of Syrus to Dromo, *Congrum istum maximum* in aqua finito ludere paulisper. When you shall emerge from the hallowed flood, and ascend the tempest-beaten bark on your return to Albion, the Priests of the East will consecrate your name to distant ages, embalmed and enrolled with * “Picus (not the “*Picus Equum Domitor*, but) the Prince of Mirandula, John “Reuchlin, Pagninus, Galatinus, Arias Montanus, Felix Pratensis, “Elias Levita, Munster & Avenarius, Erpenius & Golius,” &c. whom perhaps my uninstructed reader may consider as a fresh collection of *apron-bellied* oriental † *Cassres*, *Orang-outangs*, &c. just imported by you; for your *Loxodromick* skill both in Politics and in Literature is really amazing! Though to change the metaphor and use Sir Thomas ‡ Browne’s words, *your revolution* is

* Dr. W.’s, *Dis.* p. 2 & 3.

† See my Heroic Epistle, v. 121, &c. with the note. “Since which I have discovered an author who seems to have escaped the curious diligence of Scriblerus himself: I do not mean to accuse my hero of wilful Plagiarism, by any *marks of imitation* that Dr. Hurd has kindly pointed out: but merely to hint a matter of fact. There was formerly (and perhaps is still) a book existing in the library of St. Victor at Paris, entitled, “*Marmoretus de Baboonis et Singis cum commento D’Orbellis*.” Rabelais, b. 2. c. 7. whence possibly the Dr. may have taken some of his *Cassres* both *Occidental & Oriental*. I speak with diffidence; I am not certain whether the Dr. was ever upon the Continent.

‡ Browne’s *Vulgar Errors*, b. 6. c. 7. of East and West. A book known but to *The Few*.

of such a nature that “you have no power nor efficacy *peculiar* “from your *orientality* ;” for lo! Wonders from the WEST—Wonders from the EAST—you bring into actual existence the visionary labours of a Scriblerus, and we may indulge a fond pleasing hope, that one day you “will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary than hitherto we “have been able to obtain*.” For, from the Solar Temple in Peru, the mystic symbols of the Egyptians, from the *glebe-land* sacred to the priests of the Sun, and their solemn festivals of *Raymi* and *Citua*, you condescend to examine minutely “the “similarity of shape in the † spears, bows, trumpets, drums, “hatchets, chisels, hooks, nets, boats, and *many other* instruments of the Chinese, Greeks, Indians,” &c. And had kind nature adapted your ear to the undulation of harmonic sound, your friend Mr. Richardson† could have furnished you with “the *Kennaret*, the *Tunbur*, the *Kendelesh*, the *Duff*, the *Dubdub*, “the *Cawwall* (or *Catawaul*) and *Sanai*, with *many other* musical “instruments of Arabia and Persia ;” and though the tones of their strings might have grated discord on your auricles, yet *the similarity of their shape* would have abundantly compensated for that slight inconvenience. What may not be expected from industry so happily directed!

* Mem. of Mart. Scribler. ch. 2.

† Dr. W.’s Disc. p. 15.

† See Mr. R.’s enormous account of eastern musical instruments (Dissert. on Eastern Manners, Languages, &c. 1st. ed. 8vo. p. 177, &c.) which Dr. Burney may insert in the next edition of his history of music.

Your scheme, I perceive, is this: to have || *an Institution established § at Cambridge for the express purpose of translating and publishing Oriental manuscripts.* Your exordium is worthy of Tully, you begin feelingly with a touch of the true pathetic, which indeed that Orator generally reserved for the peroration of *his discourses*—but what of that? You were not born for servile imitation; you are another Bœotian Phoenix, *a vast species alone.* The strain is thus conceived; “*Why should the fine talents of those who have a turn for languages, be for ever confined to the making a few meagre additions to the learned labours of such as have gone before them in publishing or commenting on the works of Greek or Roman authors, while the extensive field of Arabic,*

|| Dr. W. Disc. p. 5.

§ As the Professor has thought proper to declare *Where* his new Academy is to be established, though he has wisely declined to specify the time *When*; I cannot help gratifying my reader with Mr. Harris's account of the *Rise and Progress* of those two beautiful Aristotelian Predicaments *when and where*: (my notes profess to be *entertaining and instructive*). Mr. H. writes thus: “For example, *Certain persons are to meet for a certain purpose.* They must be informed of the *Time and Place*, or their *Meeting* would not be *practicable*. First then for the *Time*——

*When shall we three meet again
In thunder, light'ning, and in rain?*

The answer to this question connects their *Meeting* with a *certain Time*; and in the relation between these two, we behold the rise of the Predicament *WHEN*.

*WHEN the Battle's lost and won;
WHEN the hurly burly's done.*

Again——

Where's the place?

The answer to this question connects their *Meeting* with a *certain Place*; and, in the relation between these two, we see the rise of the predicament *WHERE*.

——upon the heath
There we go to meet Macbeth.

“Let us take another example”—says Mr. Harris—but I believe the reader has enough already. Aliquando bonus dormitat HOMERUS.

“*Perfic*

“ * *Persic* and *Chinese* literature remains unknown or unexplored? In this your new opinion, I at first considered you as a fair *unsupported* flower in the garden of Paradise; but on a closer inspection, I perceived Authority in the shape of Horace, walking by your side and whispering in your ear,

Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro,
Eupolin Archilocho?

You then display the *substantial* benefits which we are to expect from compositions of the East and what we have already received. Then turning to your gowned audience—“ But I forbear (you cry) to enlarge on a subject well known to you all†.” My dear Archdeacon, can you really think, and declare it openly with composed unaltered muscles, as your settled opinion, that a promiscuous assembly of *Fen* curates can be accurately versed in *Arabian* literature? Can you conceive it indispensably necessary to the due discharge of their pastoral office, that they should “ believe that many monuments of Grecian literature may be “ preserved in Arabic translations.” You observe indeed with truth, that “ no language had so extensive a spread, as the *Arabic*

* The acute M. D'Alembert has observed that the enthusiasm with which the initiated in an unknown tongue speak of their own accomplishments, arises from their unwillingness to confess that they have lost their time—*Ab si vous saviez le Grec? Ceux qui savent, on croient savoir l'Hebreu, l'Arabe, le Syriaque, le Cophte ou Copte, le Persan, le Chinois, &c. pensent & parlent de meme, et par les memes raisons. Sur l'Harmonie des langues. Melanges de literature, vol. 5. p. 526.*

I do not mean to compare D'Alembert with Watson; were I to affirm their skill in reasoning to be equal,

Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

† Dr. W.'s Disc. p. 4.

“after the victories of Mahomet.” As to your elegant substantive *spread*, I remember Mr. Addison says somewhere to this effect: “I have got a fine *spread of improveable lands*, and am already ploughing up some, and fencing others:” for my part, might an unhallowed man presume to advise your sacred hearers, I could rather wish they would apply themselves to the *improvement* of their insular undrained lands, than to set out on a roving commission, for the purpose of turning up the furrows of an Arabian desert with an ineffectual plough: for they may believe me, notwithstanding what Mr. Bryant has asserted to the contrary, they would find that region to be indeed *Petræa*, in the vulgar, *un-ammonianized* acceptation of the term. After the word *Mahomet* in the preceding passage I perceive a dash thus—then come the words, “But I forbear,” &c. I cannot but fancy, as you pronounced the closing word of the sentence, *Mahomet*, some young Divine, just arrived in the isle, hot from the schools, and filled with your fame, not having quaffed large draughts from the Buxtorfian or Meninskian fount, started from his seat with astonishment, and shewed evident signs of a *Mahometan ecstasy*; and that you instantly, remembering the artful conduct of the great Roman Orator, who, while he was displaying with an energetic glowing eloquence the recent scenes of Pharsalia, cast his eyes on the youthful Tubero, and recollecting himself, on a sudden cried out—*“*Nimis urgeo* (—but I forbear) *commoveri videtur Adolescens; ad me revertar.*”

* Cic. Orat. pro Q. Ligario.

This new doctrine of yours reminds me of your great Eastern Compeer, Sir William Chambers, who has said in his dissertation on another kindred subject, that "European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." You say indeed with much truth, that it is absurd "to think of soothing the anxieties incident to human life by perusing Arabian poetry." Yet you know, Sir, there are hours in which the heat-oppressed pilgrim may long to stretch his careless limbs in the lawns of dalliance, when even you would not object to tell, with the ingenious Mr. Jones, your soothing tale to the maids of Abra, amid the spicy groves of Ali and Bassora†.

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

† Sir William Chambers has described a similar situation with all the luxuriance of Oriental imagery and Oriental diction. "Sometimes (says he) in his romantic excursion the *Passenger* finds himself on extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous *Tartarean damsels*, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets and beds of Camnsathkin down." Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, p. 40. Hear also Mr. Richardson on *Oriental Retirement*; "Men of rank have generally one or more *Story tellers*, male or female, who amuse them and their women when *melancholy*, *vexed*, or *indisposed*; and are generally employed to lull them asleep." Dissert. on East. Languages and Manners, p. 57. ed. 8vo. 1777. I remember Athenæus in his description of the *Costumi* of the Persian Monarch reports, that παρα το δειπνον ἀδουσι τε και ψαλλουσιν αι Παλλακαι αὐτω. (Athen. Deipnosoph. p. 145. Ed. Casaub. 1612.) and it seems also that Her Imperial Majesty the Sultana has no objection to the presence of these Παλλακαι, (*Tartarean Damsels*, or *Story tellers*). See Athenæus, p. 556. ut sup.—But above all, stands forth in *al-tissimo relieve* Mr. Richardson's description of that *most romantic* Festival called the *Merd-giram*, celebrated in honour of the Angel *Isfendarmuz*, the guardian of the Fair Sex, whom Pindar would call the Καρυξ Αφροδιτας αμυροσιαν φιλοτατων. Nem. Od. 8. at which solemnity the women enjoyed, what Mr. Richardson calls *very singular privileges*. "For at that time," says he, "the *Husbands* complied to the utmost of their ability with *all* the commands of their *wives*; and the *virgins*, without offence to delicacy, might pay their addresses to whom they pleased; and they seldom sued in vain." (Dissert. ut sup. p. 161 and 162). Not so poor Olympia,

But I am sorry to say, the *mode* of executing your design does not *smack* of that liberality of sentiment, you so frequently boast. Oriental Ideas seem to have suggested Oriental despotism: but

Ella la mano

Per Bireno abbracciar, stese—*ma in vano.*

ARIOSTO, C. 10. st. 20.

It is well however that *these virgins do not sue in vain*, for Mr. R. gravely assures me, that though "*dying for love* is considered amongst *Europeans* as a mere poetic figure; yet in *Eastern* countries it seems to be something more." But why?—*because* (the reader will perceive it is a *Watsonian because*) "*many words in the Arabic and Persic languages* (such as the tremendous *muhawwis*, *sbustè*, *ahustè*, *uluk*, &c.) "*which express Love, imply also Melancholy, Madness, and Death.*" (Dissert. p. 170.) But should one of the *men of rank* above-mentioned be in this distress, he has only to say with the Prophet, "*Adducite mihi Psalten,*" or a *Story-teller*, whose magic would soon *quench his melancholy in dark clouds of slumber*, i. e. *lull him asleep.* (ut sup.)—For my part I am inclined to think that Mr. R. himself has been in one of those *situations*, which he justly observes (p. 169.), "*greatly heighten the elegant regard for the sex;*" and that he is actually *dying for love* according to the *Eastern mode*, or is at least *melancholy-mad*, or he never could have written in this manner. He puts me in mind of his musical philosopher *Alfaraby*, who, at the command of *Seifeddoula*, Sultan of Syria, "** pulled a composition from his pocket, and distributing the parts among the band, the first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into violent and incessant laughter, the next melted them all into tears, and the last lulled even the Performers asleep.*"

Dove diavolo, Messer Giovanni, avete pigliate tante coglionerie?

For if you, Mr. John Richardson, still stick to *your own text*, that "*you submit yourself to the decision of every intelligent reader,*" and that you will be "*proud of every ingenious criticism,*" and thence "*endeavour to improve;*" provided "*that ingenious criticism be delivered with the temper of the Gentleman and the Scholar;*" (and I appeal to every impartial reader whether *mine* are not delivered with that temper) and if you still declare that "*you are not attached to a single idea in your work that may be found inconsistent with truth or propriety*" (Dissert. p. 195), what will become of your Eastern child, your *thrice-printed Dissertation*? I do not mean to stop your preferment, or the sale of your work, for this Address may rather promote it; but if your *motive* be changed, and your ambition pants for a seat on the *Forked Hill*, I propose to your consideration the *verba et voces* of the Sabine Bard;

*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

* Dissert. p. 182.

as recent events have taught you never to expect from any set of men, no not from the flock and herd of them, *unconditional submission*; conditions therefore you have imposed indeed—*Si potes illa pati quæ nec Sarmentus*—for I find that these *men of fine talents*, “men * skilled in Eastern languages, are to be invited
 “from every quarter of the globe, formed into a kind of society,
 “and employed for life, under the direction of proper persons, in
 “the drudgery of translation.” Gracious Heaven! must they quit their balmy gales, and the fragrance of their Sabæan woods, to pine in the gloom of a Cambridge monastery; because forsooth
 “all the commentators from St. Jerome to the present Bishop
 “of London † (who is much obliged to you for an *intended* compliment) are convinced of the utility of Eastern learning?”
 ‡ *Employed for life in the drudgery of translation!*—What an *Oriental Justitia* have you sketched out for succeeding literary culprits! The wretch who is sent to learn the rudiments of navigation in *Professor Campbell’s* floating Academy sees a period to his toils; but it was reserved for you, our new *Perillus*, to rack your invention for unceasing, unheard-of torments: you first reveal the secrets of your prison-house, and then expect that ears of flesh and blood should listen to the tremendous blazon with patient acquiescence.

* Disc. p. 5.

† Id. p. id.

‡ The professor need not fancy that the vicissitude of human affairs can have any material effect on the Persian language, its stability is fixed on a permanent basis; for (as Mr. Richardson observes) “*the Laws of Nature* preserve it from annihilation.” Dissert. p. 18. ed. 8vo. 1777.

However there is a more pleasant part of your scheme: an Act to amend an Act made in the 10th year of your *professorial* reign, which declares, that the above domestic establishment is but a “*part of your plan* *.” Men should be sent into *every* “*part of the globe* †, where—there are MSS. of any antiquity “in order to collect them.”

Barbarus hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?

The reason which follows is no less declaratory of the wisdom of the legislator ; for you state that “it is a *mortifying* reflection “that we know *very little* of the history of the human race.” Dii boni ! if your cranium can contain all the present *scibile*, where is that more than Ariadnean clue, which shall guide me through all its winding labyrinths ? But why *mortifying reflection* ? Why—because “there is a *probability* that we might know more.”

* Dr. W.’s Disc. p. 6.

† Just now they were to be imported *from every quarter of the globe*, now, I find, they are to be *exported* again ; what a glorious traffic !

Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos.

I would recommend to Dr. W. to procure a stud of Dr. Burney’s *Travelling Cows*, which would lessen the expence of his scheme considerably. But as it is possible my reader may not be acquainted with the species, I shall present him with the following extract containing the serious, philosophic, and parsimonious wish of the musical Doctor himself. “*I sincerely wish I could have visited remote countries after the deliberate and parsimonious manner of Asclepiades, who (according to Tertullian) made the tour of the world on a cow’s back, and lived upon her milk.*” Sic et Europe niveum doloso credidit Tauro latus. See the Preface to Dr. Burney’s *Musical Travels through Germany, &c.* but I fear, even though the Professor could bring his *Mussulmen* to a *Milk-diet*, it would be difficult to procure so wonderful a breed ; for I believe it to be strictly a

Cæsar’s armentum nulli servire paratum

Privato.

Juv. Sat. 12. v. 106.

G

For

For my part, I always blest the especial favour of Heaven, whose breath, in mercy to mankind, kindled the flames of the † Alexandrian Repository. Solomon (but I shall be told that a wiser than Solomon is here) had informed me, that of making many books there is no end, and that much study is a wearisomeness of the spirit. But your untired genius never flags; your eagle-eyed penetration can comprehend the disposition of all mankind; of the superior part of the species, as well as of those who “in the catalogue go for men:” from the inhabitants of the kingdom of Thibet, and the subjects of the grand Lama, to the free* voters of the borough of Wisbech, and the unchartered Isle of Ely.

Gram-

† I am sorry so able a man as Mr. Richardson does not agree with me in this opinion; for he says, that “the destruction of the famous library of Alexandria was “a memorial of the execrable zeal of Khalif Omar.” Dissert. 8vo. p. 21.

* I have been informed of a few particulars relating to the nomination of candidates to represent the county of Cambridge, on the 23d of May 1780: which, though not absolutely connected with my subject, I will relate in my manner, as some readers may not be displeased with it. Foremost appeared amid acclamations loud as from numbers without number, the Duke of Rutland representing the young Manners—

As whose right

The Resolution† ensign high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

WATSONUS motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per compita turbam.

Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shew'd his honest face;

They struck the catgut sharp—he came—he came.

It was said that the Doctor was preceded by a Tibicen or Fidler; I mention this, to caution unwary readers against imagining from the words WATSONUS Tibicen, that he played the fiddle himself, as the great Scaliger is reported to have danced the Pyrrhic

† Lord Robert Manners commands the Ship Resolution.

Danc

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, aliptes,
Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus, omnia nôsti!

I cannot indeed say with Virgil, *ingentes animos angusto in corpore verfas*; for your earthly tabernacle is abundantly suited to the magnitude of its spiritual tenant. You yourself have told us that you "are not of a disposition to call out, * *there is a Lion in the way*, as an excuse for sitting still:" I believe you, for indeed you are marvellously attached to that noble animal; nor is there any occasion to demand of you, *si fueris tu Leo, qualis eris*; for we have seen your behaviour in that † character displayed in my Heroic Epistle. -

Personam tragicam forte vulpes viderat :

O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!

Dance, *coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ*. Should however the Dr. be inclined to take the *lyra* into his own hands at the next county meeting, and touch it with an *Arpeggiatura* of his own composing; I would advise him not to mix too much of the *Phrygian*, but rather to slide into the *Lydian*, that he may soften the riotous temper of the Freeholders.—The next conspicuous object was, the *altum Sagana Caliendrum* which our Professor by frequent wavings of his beavor, disclosed to the entertainment of the spectators. THE ROSE OF SNOW blushed with averted leaf; while that divine *minister of Rutland* raised aloft the sword of the Lord against GIDEON AND BARAK;

For He above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than *Arch-deacon ruin'd*.—He soon prepar'd
To speak; whereat the ranks *Freeholding* bend
From wing to wing, and quite enclose him round
With all his peers.

O qualis facies! et quali digna tabellâ!

* Dr. W.'s Disc. p. 2.

† V. H. Epistle 144, with the note.—Since writing the above, I have been informed that my *Heroic Epistle* has been ascribed to a young Mr. MANSEL, a Fellow, I think,

But now the measure is full; the *charge* is founded: nunc
demum movet arma Leo: fresh from the East you come; shake
 the dew-drops from your mane; brace your hardy *Nemean* nerves,
 and with foaming rage growl at "the pestilent ambition of a
 "few bad men which has left us in a state of irremediable igno-
 "rance" in some matters, in which, however, neither the real

I think, of Trinity College in Cambridge. The suspicion having fallen on so inge-
 nious a gentleman does me much honour; for he has been represented to me, on
 the most unquestionable authority, as in possession of true genius, infinite humour,
 and most excellent fancy; a sort of "laughing manners-painting sage," who will
 one day make bold excursions when he begins to *feel his powers*. My friend talked
 about the force of *example*, and added, in a tone which seemed to mean more than
 met my ear, with regard to that young gentleman;

Et Pater Æneas et avunculus excitat HECTOR!

"On my soul, such youths do move me much!" I have mentioned him, as I have
 done Mr. Atwood; because I believe they both deserve what I have said. I have not
 (to use Dr. Burney's *own* happy expressions) "a peevish, satirical, irascible disposition,
 "which will sour the public, and embitter *my own* existence;" I am not "a general
 "satirist, who, like Cocles on the bridge, stands alone against a whole army of foes."
 (Hist. of Music, vol. 1. p. 364.) I will speak and do good to all mankind as I have
 opportunity: I protest I have not the least malice against Dr. Watson; but his cha-
 racter stood forth in such *bold* relief, as could not escape even *my* obscurity: he stood
 like a *ferox vitulus* ready to be sacrificed at the altar of the Muses, and while I was
 in search of a Victim, behold *Him*, as it were "a ram caught by the horns." But
 nevertheless,

E'en in a Watson I can spy desert;
 Thurlow is decent, Porteous has a heart;
 Manners* with GRAFTON are to Hinchcliffe given;
 To cloister'd Glyn each Virtue under Heav'n.

Curst be the verse how smooth foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe:
 Give to LOWTH scandal; to CORNWALLIS fear;
 Or from *soft-headed Sy*—*ds* steal a tear.

* Some ingenious commentator (perhaps one of the *Shakesperian* troop of which there are above
 horse and foot, named with an &c. at the end) may interpret the words *Manners* to signify the Duke of Rut-
 land; I am for allowing latitude of interpretation; and fortunately this type may be justly taken by two
 handles.

nor imaginary interest of mankind is in the least concerned. Then you make a pause; collect your powers; raise your contemplation to future times; and with well-poised, though not winged words, declare with solemnity: "Yet much remains to be done; Europe is but lately emerged from a long barbarism; and *there may be countries in Asia, which have never experienced any interruption in the progress of arts, or cultivation of learning.*" And this you say with as much gravity, as if you believed a single word of the matter. Can you, whose comprehensive spirit is accustomed to consider the rise and decline of mightiest empires; who know the ultimate points of exaltation and depression so much insisted on by historians; who are versed in the instability of human affairs, and the *difficilis in perfecto mora* †; can a man, I say, so gifted as you are, conceive that your favourite *unexplored* Asiatic regions are exempted from the common lot? Such surmises

* "would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire
Authorized by her grandam"—

They suit not you.—Your indignation next rises to an enormous height, and then falls, with more than *Satanic* ‡ descent, plumb-down upon "some late religious missionaries in the province of *Napal*, who made it their boast that they had burnt three thousand manuscripts." A loss this much to be regretted!

† Vell. Paterc.

* Macbeth.

‡ Plumb-down he drops ten thousand fathom—

MILIT. b. 2. v. 933.

H

(Here,

(Here, I suppose you dropt some natural tears, but wiped them soon ; mirandum unde illis oculis suffecerit humor) “ since (you say) there are many MSS. to be found among the inhabitants of Napal, which treat of the History of India, going back above three thousand years.” But why is the loss so much regretted? for a cause, which, as Mr. Burke has observed on another equally important occasion, “ though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed,” it is, *because* these MSS. “ are said to be written in the Nagri language, which is thought to be the *original language* of India, and older than the *Shanscritta*.”

Considering these great, these important motives of extending the sphere of *useful* science, and that “ men may go to and fro upon the earth, and that knowledge may be encreased,” you roundly declare, that “ *you doubt not* but there are *many* who would *zealously sacrifice* their *health*, *riches*, and *repose*, in support of any liberal and *enlarged* plan (and such you most evidently esteem your own plan) which might be concerted for bringing us acquainted with the general history of our species.” I must credit you as a man of veracity and liberal ideas: I also must claim the same privilege for myself; *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* I must own that it would require all the sanguine credulity of youth (*and I am not yet in the vale of years*) and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm to make me believe the existence of such a noble-spirited race, in Europe, Africa, America, or even Asia itself, that continent of unknown miracles.

Now

Now as to the means of accomplishing your design, and the time requisite for the completion of it. This, fortunately for me, you have described with your usual accuracy, that he who runs may read—I will not say understand. At the close of your *Discourse* you inform us that “a * small society of *proper persons*, (which “*proper persons* however you will not trust to themselves, but “propose (p. 5.) that they shall be *under the † direction* of another set of *proper persons*; so that you are resolved your scheme “shall not want *propriety*) part of whom (i. e. of the first set “of *proper persons*) should be employed at home in translating, “and the other part (of the same first set as I conceive) in travelling to collect materials, *would complete the business in half “a ‡ century.*” So, I find the period is fixed; no wavering conjecture; it is defined with philosophical precision, and mankind is to wait for the event. Unhappily for us; vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam. The great Hyde has trod the inevitable path: § Walton has followed him; Warburton himself is no more: Lowth indeed, “the glory of the priest-hood,” still survives; the aspiring Jones may form sanguine expectations of its completion; but the greatest is behind, Bryant, who has ingenuously confessed himself unacquaint-

* Disc. p. 17.

† A sort of *Directors* of your new East India Company, that will never be charged with the blood of Nabobs and Rajahs.

‡ Disc. p. 17.

§ I think the reader will consider my small collection of *Oriental Caffres*, selected with greater judgment than the professor's enormous troop mentioned above.

O quel Parallele grotesque,
Moitié vrai, moitié romanesque,
Amince, pour vous égayer!

GRESSET.

ed * with the *Oriental* languages; and had you, Sir, honestly professed the same, I would readily have admitted it as part of my literary creed. *Fifty years!*—grande mortalis ævi spatium! yet this is the æra for which *that man* must wait, who professes himself “an impartial enquirer after truth;” this is the time to which “*he* will suspend his judgment,” and till the arrival of which he cannot examine “both sides of the question” by the rules of sound criticism; and for this end *he* will be “desirous of seeing good translations of the principal Persian books (not only) that the learned world in general, may be “in a situation to weigh their merits,” but, that they may be able to determine accurately, whether or no they can with justice accuse the *well-skilled Mr. Richardson*, § author of the *Dissertation*

* “I am entirely a stranger to the *Persic* and *Arabic* languages.” (Bryant Myth. v. 1. p. 226.) At this confession the *well-skilled* Mr. Richardson kindles the flame of his indignation at the altar of *Mithras*, and like the fabled harp of Memnon, warbles forth *unbidden* strains at the touch of the Titanian ray. Dissert. p. 88, &c. I refer the reader to a letter of Mr. Bryant to Mr. R. printed though not published—

Non illi quisquam se impune tulisset
Obvius armato.

I cannot however help observing that it would have been more generous in Mr. B. and more becoming the dignity of his character, to have sent a copy of the letter to Mr. R. when he had printed it, instead of exposing his ignorance to severe ridicule, without giving him an opportunity to defend himself *in the best manner he was able*: for as one of our old poets says,

Wit should be open, court each reader's eye,
Not lurk in sly unprinted † privacy.

OLDHAM.

§ *En attendant*; every friend to Oriental Literature will hope that a certain *Great Personage* will attend to a *hint* given by Mr. Richardson in his *Dissertation*. “Among many other instances of *Tamerlane's* attention to the encouragement of

† Unprinted, i. e. unpublished.

Dissertation on Eastern Languages, &c. of —“ great credulity.”
Quid dignum tanto feret hicce Professor hiatu? I agree with
you; we certainly should be cautious in so momentous a concern.

You perceive, Mr. Professor, to use your own admirable words,
that “ it is † an easy matter to ridicule *your* researches ‡ into

“ literature, he presented *Firuzbadi, Author of an Arabic Dictionary*, with 5000
“ pieces of gold, as a reward for his industry and learning.” Dissert. 8vo. p. 27, note y.

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

Though I fear that if Mr. R. were to apply at St. James's for *Firuzbadi's* reward, he
would receive an answer like that which Alexander gave to the ambassadors of *Darab*,
when they demanded the annual tribute of golden eggs; § “ that the bird which laid
“ them was flown to *the other (or Western) World.*”

—Quod si

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad Libros, et ad hæc musarum dona vocares

Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

HOR.

But Mr. R. has told us that “ Riches and honours conferred on *men of genius* in the
“ East, has nothing similar in *our Western World.*” P. 62.

† Dr. W.'s Disc. p. 9.

‡ A strange fatality seems to attend *most modern* writers on *Eastern* subjects: they
expatiate without reserve in regions frequented by few, and with a *felicity* more *curious*
than that for which Horace is so much celebrated, and with an industry which never
remits, cull the choicest flowers of genuine oriental absurdity, and collect the scattered
sweets, till their united virtue tortures the sense of their untravelled countrymen. Wit-
ness the great Living *Triumvirate*, CHAMBERS, RICHARDSON, and WATSON! a
Lepidus three times repeated; Sir William's *three roasted geese*, as I live! (See
the Preface to his Dissert. on Orient. Gard. p. 7.) I do not mean this as an undis-
tinguishing censure. The unfading verdure of the *palmy* chaplet which encircles the
youthful brow of JONES, has nothing to fear from the blasts of criticism; and the
venerable *author of the Commentaries on the Hebrew Poetry* would live eternal as his
work, if Knowledge and Genius could be set up against mortality.

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis Olivæ
Sacra ferens? nosco crines incanaque menta
Hebrai vatis—LOWTHI jucunda senectus
Cujus sunt mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium.

§ Richardson, p. 50.

I

“ Oriental

“ Oriental Literature,” to consider you as “ a shallow dabbler
 “ in it,” and to regard your scheme “ as a chimerical undertak-
 “ ing ; originating in idle speculation, and terminating in useless
 “ conjecture.”

But should your *splendid bile* incite you to repel this unforeseen
 attack of mine, it would be wise not to combat in person,
 like Turnus against the illusive factitious shadow of Æneas ; but
 instead of hurling forth your own *inania verba et sine mente sonos*,
 to send into Persia for some descendant of the ingenious *Lebid*,
 who, as Mr. Richardson † informs me, “ was particularly useful to
 “ Mohammed in answering *the lampoons of the prince Amralkeis*,
 “ one of the prophet’s keenest and most formidable opponents.”

However before you deliver any other elaborate work to the
 world, stamped with your respectable signature, or recite any
 other composition ‡ in public, *pexusque togæque recenti* ; I would
 advise

† See his Dissert. 8vo. p. 7.

‡ You will easily perceive, Mr. Professor, I mean a *Divinity Añ*, and the *Creation
 Speech* at a Cambridge commencement : on which occasions you may harangue and
despume some of your Verbocinations Latial, as the President of the Faculty does in
Moliere, mutatis mutandis : the *Latin* you may adopt as *your own*, nobody will think
 you stole it.

Knowingissimi Doctores,
 Divinitatis Professores,
 Qui hic assemblati estis,
 Et vos altri auditores,—
 Per totam terram videmus
 Grandem vogam ubi fumus,
 Et quod grandes et minuti
 Sunt de nobis infatuati :

Totus mundus currens ad nostros Sermones et Discourfos,

Nos regardat sicut Deos;

Et nostris Ordonnanciis.

Ducas et Episcopos submissos videmus:—

Ergo est nostræ Sapientiæ,

Boni sensus atque prudentiæ—

Fortiter laborare

Nos bene conservare

In tali credito, vogâ et honore.——

You may then address the *Dominus Respondens* in the schools, and ask him a few questions not about St. Basil, St. Jerom, or Gregorius Nazianzenus, *quem semper in deliciis habuisti*;

Non de Villis domibusve alienis

Nec male necne Lepos saltet, sed quod magis ad Te

Pertinet——

Touching your own Discourses. As thus——

Learnedissimo Respondenti,

Quem estimo et honoro,

Domandabo causam et rationem quare,

Discourfi mei faciunt dormire?

DS. RESPONDENS.

Mihi a doctissimo Professore

Domandatur causam et Rationem

Quare *Discourfi sui faciunt dormire?*

Ad quod respondeo:

Quia est in illis

Virtus dormitiva,

Cujus est natura

Sensus * lullare.

CHORUS TOGATUS IN SCHOLIS.

Bene, bene, bene, respondere,

Dignus, dignus est intrare

In nostro docto corpore.

PROFESSOR AD DOCTOREM ABOUTTOBEUM,

IN PLENO SENATU.

Juras observare statuta

Per Universitatem nostram præscripta

Cum sensu et judgmento?

DOCTOR ABOUTTOBEUS.

Juro.

* Dr. Watson's preaching puts me in mind of one of Dr. Burney's *Abbati* in Italy. "The Abate Fibbietti sung a motet with such taste in the *slow* movements, and *fire* in the quick, as were truly astonishing; his voice was sweet and clear, his intonations perfectly true; his expression and fancy charming, and left nothing to wish, but a *shake a little more open*." Burney's Musical Tour through Italy, p. 237.

PROF. AD DOCT.
Juras essere in omnibus
Controversiis disputabilibus
Orthodoxi Professoris opinioni
Aut bono
Aut absurdo?

DOCTOR.
Juro.

PROFESSOR AD DOCTOREM.

Ego cum isto Boneto
Venerabili et docto;
Cum isto goldeno libello
Nunquam aut seldomiter lecto;
In isto Chairo velveto
Multo antiquo et olenti;
Cum isto annulo*
Multo usato et valde bello;
Cum isto Osculo
Arabici Perfumi
Pleno et abundanti;
Dono tibi et concedo
Virtutem et Powerium
Preachandi,
Disputandi;
In seasono, vel out-of-seasono,
Doctorandi,
Legendi,
Dormifaciendi

Impune per totam terram.

Finita concione et data benedictione,

CHORUS TOGATUS AD PROFESSOREM
WATSONUM.

Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat,
Novus noster Professor qui tam bene bawlat,
Mille mille annis, et eatat, et bibat,
Et *Hæreticos*,
Et Dissentores,

* Perhaps as the Commencement is in the Summer, the reader may think of the Juvenalian Crispinus:
Verna Canopi,

Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,

Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,

Nec susterre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.

Sat. 1.

This *Annulus* has fitted all *Docterial* fingers from the Commencement of the University itself; a young man of genius might make an ode on its virtues, comparing it with other rings that shall be nameless, sit monuiffle satis—or it might do for a Sir W. Browne's ode—Sir William would have approved of such a subject.

Et

advise you to take pattern from Dr. Burney; and when, like him*, “you find yourself wearied and disgusted with the small “ success of *your* researches, to shut your books, and examine “ *your* (literary or political) principles.” The next thing would be to catechise yourself according to Dr. B.’s ingenious † *Musical Catechism by Question and Answer*, not between M. and N. as in the Common Prayer Book, but between B. and B. between Dr. Burney and Himself. For instance, Dr. B. instead of, *What is my name?* (which he imagines, as well as yours, to be sufficiently known) begins, “*What is MUSIC?*” You in like manner may begin, *What is ARABIC, PERSIC, or CHINESE?* Answer with Dr. B. “An innocent luxury, *unnecessary* indeed

Et Judæos,
Et Romanos Catholicos
Per totum kingdomum nostrum.
Orientelem,
Occidentalem,
Borealem
Australem,
In omnem æternitatem,
Argumentis irrefragabilibus
Knockdownat atque
Confoundat!

You see, Mr. Professor, even when *I seemed to digress from my subject*, by what a nice and subtle junctura, I have connected this Oratorical Specimen with it. You doubtless perceive I mean—the *Arabian* odours conveyed in your professorial kifs, and the *Oriental* Heretics dispersed about our kingdom.—The admirers of *Pindar* will give me credit for it;

Ες δε το πᾶν
Ερμηνεων χατίζειι.

Which made me point it out, especially as I was aiming my feeble shaft,

Διος προς ὀρνιχα θειον.

* Preface to Dr. B.’s *History of Music*, p. 13.

† See Preface to Dr. B.’s *History of Music*, p. 13 and 14.

“ to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification * of
 “ *the sense of Hearing.*” Bravo. Encore. Dr. B. proceeds—“ *What*
 “ *is MELODY ?*” You may say, *What is my STYLE in writing ?*
 Answer with Dr. B. “ A series of sounds more fixed and gene-
 “ rally more *lengthened* than those of *common speech*; arranged
 “ *with grace*, and of proportional lengths, such as the mind can
 “ *easily* measure, and the *voice* express.” The latter part may
 admit of some doubt; but however as nobody is obliged either
 to *measure*, or *express* them with a *voice* like yours, it may stand,
 Esto. However many philosophers begin with *doubting* every
 thing. Procedas in Argumento. “ *What is DISSONANCE ?*”
 You may answer “ *aseeming defect in my composition,*” but in reality
 the τελευταιον ἐπιγεννημα or (I translate for the country-curates)
 the most finished product of fine art. You had better answer
 the question in Dr. Burney’s own words, “ It is the want of that
 “ *agreeable union* between two or more sounds which constitutes
 “ *consonance*: (i. e. *Dissonance* is not *Consonance.*) It is the *Dolce*
 “ *piccante* of Music, and operates on the ear as a poignant fauce
 “ on the palate; it is a rest, without which the auditory would

* I believe the ingenious Mr. Hume will not agree with you in regard to this gratification. He says, it is generally remarked, “ that the more southern languages are smooth and melodious, the northern harsh and untuneable. But this observation holds not universally; the ARABIC is uncouth and disagreeable; the MUSCOVITE soft and musical.” Hume on national Characters. I wish Berton or Sacchini would try their hand at a Muscovite opera: I think the novelty of it would secure it’s success; Mr. Sheridan, I know, would do any thing to gratify the public. Though I am afraid, upon second thoughts, that the Musical Muscovite might not prove upon trial more harmonious than Dr. Watson’s favourite Nagri Language, which is said to be older than the Shanferitta.—But should Muscovite operas be permitted—I fear there would be an inundation of other nations claiming the same musicality on as good grounds.

“be as much cloyed as the appetite, if it had nothing to feed on but sweets.”—Bravo, Gizzielli, è Caffarelli che ti lo dice. Another † *Boccherini* come to judgment! Procedas, Domine. “*What Instrument is capable of the greatest effects?*” Dr. B. answers, *the Organ**; you may say, *My Voice*:—never mind an *Irish* blunder for once, it won’t be the first.—But why? Reply with Dr. B. “It can not only *imitate* a number of *other Instruments*, but is so comprehensive, as to *possess the powers of a whole orchestra*.” But “*has it no Imperfections?*” Answer with Dr. B. Yes; “*it wants expression and a more perfect intonation*.”—Encore une fois, s’il vous plait.—“*What kind of music is most pleasing to mankind?*” You may say, *What kind of writing, or what scheme in Literature or Politics is most pleasing to Mankind?*—Answer with

† This author is famous for introducing *Discords* in his pieces.

* Perhaps Dr. Burney on second thoughts might reply, “The Trumpet.” He observes that, “so noisy an instrument must have been an *unfit* accompaniment for the voice and for poetry: so that it is probable the *Trumpet* was the first *solo* instrument in use among the ancients.” Hist. of Music, v. i. p. 376. As I think Dr. B.’s account of Herodorus, *the famous Trumpeter of Megara* (not forgetting *Archias*) will entertain the reader, I hope he will excuse the length of the note. “Herodorus was as remarkable for his gigantic figure and *enormous appetite*, as for the strength of his lungs, which were so powerful in blowing the trumpet that he could not be heard *with safety*, unless at a great distance. But, upon these occasions, the danger was not always confined to the *Hearers*; the *Performers* themselves, sometimes, seem to have exulted, and to have been very thankful that *they found themselves alive and well*, when their *solos* were ended. An epigram of *Archias*, the *Hyblaean Trumpeter*, is preserved in Julius Pollux, in which he dedicates a statue to Apollo, in gratitude for his having been enabled to proclaim the Olympic Games with his trumpet, *three times, without bursting his cheeks or a blood-vessel*, though he sounded with all his force, and without a *Capistrum* or *Muzzle*.” Burney’s Hist. Mus. p. 376 and 377 ut sup. The reader will find abundant entertainment in most parts of this history, mixt with much information—the *utile dulci*. I would however advise all *Trumpeters*, *sacred and profane*, and among them my *Hero* in particular, if he should on some future *Fast* be again appointed “to blow the trumpet in Zion,” not to be unprovided with a *Capistrum* or *Muzzle*, for fear of consequences.—

Dr. B.

Dr. B. "To *practised* ears, such as has the merit of *novelty* added
 "to refinement and *ingenious contrivance*; to the *ignorant*, such
 "as is most familiar and common." Excellent, faith! *φωρᾶντα*
συνετοισι with a vengeance. But should you as a *Physician* of the
 state *whisper* any new *scheme* in the ear of some *Gentleman-usber*;
 remember the tremendous threats of the *two Kings of Brentford*
 in the *Rehearsal*, who overheard similar whispers—

1st K. If that design appears
 I'll lug 'em by the ears
 Untill I make 'em crack.

2d K. And so will I—e' fack,

You may pursue these questions and answers at your own leisure,
 these are mere hints which my regard for you has thrown out.
 I could also advise you before you appear in * print again, to
 re-peruse a book or two which were of infinite service to you in
 your earlier years, such as the *Elements of Euclid*, and the *Logic*
 of *Duncan*;

* The Dr. has informed his clergy, that he does "not mean to trespass upon their
 "patience often in this (I suppose Oriental) way; not however precluding himself by
 "this declaration from doing it, whenever he shall judge it to be a *proper occasion*."
 By this we are to understand he has something *in petto* for them: He puts me in mind
 of Mr. Giles Jacob, who, in his "*History of the Lives and Characters of the Modern*
 "*English poets*," in 2 vol. 8vo. informs us, in his own life and character written by
 himself, that "he diverted himself with poetry (as the Dr. does with Oriental Histo-
 "rians, &c.) between his more laborious studies:" and after mentioning his works
 already published adds, "He (Mr. Giles Jacob speaks of himself) has by him a poem
 "of his own writing, in MS. which begins with these lines,

"Awake, my Muse, in strains melodious shew
 "The various tracts to Happiness below,
 "The *doubtful* paths which all mankind await——"

and here the Bard stops.—See more of him in the *Dunciad*.

Ut curvo possis dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.

If you were to add Mr. Harris's *Philosophical Arrangements* (provided your ears can bear the sound of Harris or Aristotle) I think they would be of use to you in the arrangement of your own matter. For what Mr. Bryant observes of the Mythology of Greece is perfectly applicable to your Discourse from its beginning to its conclusion. "We find the whole, like a grotesque picture, blazoned high, and glaring with colours, and filled with groups of fantastic imagery, *such as we see upon an Indian screen*, where the eye is painfully amused; but whence little can be obtained which is satisfactory, or of service*."

But let me tell you, Sir, I think, and I believe the generality of my humane fellow-creatures will be of my opinion; nay, I appeal to Mr. †Bryant himself, whether because I entertain this

* Bryant's Mythol. v. 1. Preface, p. 17. I agree with the Professor that this is the most learned and ingenious work of the present century; (Disc. p. 11.) for before this great Mystagogue appeared to remove the veil, and disclose as it were the ἀποκρυφία ἀνθρώπων.

Vulgata per orbem
Fabula, pro verâ decepit sæcula Causâ. LUC. l. 9. v. 622.

I congratulate the youth of this age who are entering on a course of useful studies, that under the auspices of this wondrous guide they may understand what was concealed from the most learned men of *dateless* time—they may now read the *Parole di colore oscuro*, and may say, as the venerable Bard of Florence spoke of his *Mantuan* conductor through the infernal regions,

Che poichè la sua mano alla mia pose
Con lieto volto, ond' i' mi confortai,
Mi mise dentro alle segrete cose. DANTE Inf. Cant. 3.

† See his late Letter to Dr. Priestley.

‡ Jamblich. de Myster. sect. 11. cap. 4.

L

anti-

anti-oriental opinion, it must indisputably follow from any *philosophical* or moral *necessity*, that my “mind is chained to the
 “earth by the fordid pursuits of wealth, or the empty ones of
 “ambition,” (whatever yours may be) or that *therefore* “I am
 “debilitated by sensual pleasure, and rendered torpid to every
 “arduous exertion by habitual inactivity; or that, unconscious
 “of its importance, I fritter away this short period of existence
 “in a frivolous attention to trivial concerns *.” I fondly deem
 that a generous public will not brand me with all or any of these
 opprobrious characters; but that I may pass innoxious through
 my age, as a plain, honest, well-meaning man, *even though I*
cannot, after many an effort, bring that *enchained mind* to be con-
 vinced of the great importance of your † proposed “attempt
 “to investigate the nature of this earth, and the history of its
 “inhabitants.” Though perhaps the Christian benevolence of
 your temper, in pity to my ignorance and want of taste, may in-
 cline you to attribute this *incapability* of mine to that “indif-
 “ference ‡ which (you acknowledge) many men feel respecting
 “every intellectual accomplishment, which happens not to fall
 “in with their particular *mode of study and apprehension*.” I con-
 fess indeed that nature has not cast me in the genuine Asiatic
 mould, my taste also is *homely*; I seek no dainties for a vitiated
 palate :

Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
 Magnusve Rhombus aut Scari,
 Si quos *Eois* intonata fluctibus,
 Hyems ad hoc vertat mare.

* Disc. p. 8 and 9.

† Disc. p. 9.

‡ Disc. p. 9.

I confess that my *mode of study* is not adapted to mystic symbols and characters of doubtful import; for me fileat miracula Memphis: but as to my *apprehension*, that indeed must be enlightened not by the feeble glimmering of human intellect, but by the full concentrated radiance of angelic inspiration, before it can conceive so highly as you do of the dignity, importance, and necessity of your *Oriental Institution*. I must own indeed that Cynthus, in the shape of Dr. Burney, * twitched my ear, and bad me observe the nature of "Treatises written by persons who
 " are more ambitious of *appearing learned themselves than of making*
 " *others so*. Indeed (says Dr. B. with a degree of good sense
 " and judgment which atones for many *coglionerie* in his history and
 " travels) I have long since found it necessary to read with cau-
 " tion the *splendid assertions* of writers concerning *Music* (as I have
 " with respect to yours concerning *Arabic*, &c.) till I was *con-*
 " *vinced* of their knowledge of the subject: (perhaps in *fifty*
 " years I may be *convinced* of yours) for I have frequently *de-*
 " *tected* ancients as well as moderns, whose fame sets them al-
 " most above censure, of *utter ignorance* in this particular, while
 " they have thought it necessary to *talk about it*."

I know you will be told by men of a *particular mode of study* and *apprehension* † to laugh ‡ at this Address, as consisting of mere declamation, smart quotations from the classics, and paltry

* Pref. to History of Music.

† I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Merchant of Venice.

‡ I believe it will be however with a *Sardonic grin*, which Dr. Johnson defines to
 "A distortion of the countenance without gladness of the heart." See the Rambler.

attempts at wit, instead of solid argument and convincing demonstration. I acknowledge, Mr. Professor, that I have not the same unlimited power over the *uncommon figures of speech that you have: that the Iroquois, Mexicans, Babylonians, Scythians, Chinese, New Zealanders, and others are not led through my writings in the same wayward mazes of national confusion as they are through your Discourse: I own also that your *some-time skill* in severe mathematical and logical reasoning enables you from wonderful premises to deduce more wonderful conclusions than I can possibly pretend to. But as you have been known (with the good † emperor) to reckon it among the favours for which you are especially thankful to heaven, that it has not suffered you to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence or poetry, lest by that means you should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to your high station; I make no doubt there are many who will admire your *unaffected* style, ‡ “the noble simplicity of diction, the plain and unadorned
“ Ego-

* L'Hyperbole aux longues échasses,
La Catachrese aux doubles faces,
Les Logogriphes effrayans,
L'Impitoyable Syllogisme, &c.
Supplice eternal du bon sens.

GRESSET, Les Ombres.

† Το ἀποστῆναι Ρητορικῆς, καὶ Ποιητικῆς, καὶ ἀστειολογίας.

MARC. ANTON. Medit. l. i. sect. 7.

The celebrated Mr. Richardson concurs also with Dr. Watson and the Emperor (Ego et Rex meus) in esteeming “Elegance of taste, ingenuity of invention, and excellence
“ of style, as *secondary merits*.” Dissert. 8vo. p. 36.

‡ See Mr. Professor White’s “Specimen of the civil and military institutes of
“ Timour or Tamerlane,” p. 7. These institutes seem to contradict the Abbé
Rainel’s dogmatic assertion in the Supplement à son histoire des deux Indes; “C’est
“ trop de soin pour des Orientaux que de veiller à la sûreté publique, par des Loix
“ penibles à concevoir, à discuter, à conserver.” Ch. 2. Artic. Gouvernement.

The

"Egotism, that runs through your whole Discourse, as particularities which mark its originality." Homo sum, I may err in my judgment; I mean not to measure any man's capacity by the narrow dimensions of my own; far be it from me to imagine all men will see your scheme in the same light with myself; I have only shewn *my* opinion. Believe me I wish to prove all things from which any probable utility may result: I would not strangle an Infant Hercules in his cradle: I wish you the fortune of another Indian Dionusus (notwithstanding Mr. Bryant's* late cruel and ungenerous *Dalrymple-like* attack on that conqueror's reputation) for perhaps, what the courtly Bard of Imperial Rome predicted of the Emperor;

Hujus in adventum jam nunc & *Caspia regna*
 Responsis horrent Divûm—

These Institutes I find were *first* written in the *Mogul* language by the Conqueror himself, *then* translated into Persian by *Abu Taalib ul Husseni*; *then* the obstetric hand of Dr. Hunter produced them from the womb of darkness into light; *now* we behold them metamorphosed into *English* by the Laudian Professor of Arabic, &c. Editor of the Syrian and Philoxenian Version of the Gospels, which doubtless Professor Watson has with singular *sedulity* compared with the original Greek. As to the Institutes themselves, I think, were Tamerlane to awake, he would be a wise father if he knew his own offspring;

Postquam destertuit esse
 Mæonides quintus Pavone ex Pythagores.

This Legislator and Composer of Institutes seems however on other occasions to have been a pleasant fellow; for Mr. Richardson informs me (Dissert. p. 173) that "Tamerlane, *in the intervals between his expeditions*, used to assemble *all the young females* of the army, and order a *general marriage*, which he solemnized with uncommon magnificence." Nemo certe elegantius *intervalla negotiorum* otio dispunxit. V. Paterc.

* Bryant's Mythol. v. 2. p. 77, &c.

may be shortly accomplished in your venerable person ; for your researches in Divinity have amply instructed you, that all types may be taken by variety of handles. Perhaps the day may arrive, when like the great † Tamerlane you shall “ become the “ firm and established Lord of the Kingdoms of *Eraun* and *Too-* “ *raun*; of *Room*, of *Muggrib*, and of *Sbaum*; of the *Dusht* of “ *Jitteb*, the *Dusht* of *Kypchawk*, and the *Dusht* of *Cabulistaun* :” but remember, with that great Conqueror ‡, that “ from the “ moment you cloath yourself in the robe of Empire, you must “ shut your eyes to the soft repose which is found in the bed “ of ease, and to that health *which follows tranquillity*.”

But let not your noble spirit fail, when objects of this grandeur and importance are held forth ; no less than the dominion of a mighty region “ containing (in Mr. Richardson’s * sublime “ language) about 20,000,000 of square miles, and watered by “ such rivers as the *Gibon*, and the *Sihon*, the *Selenge*, and the “ *Aumur* ; and boasting such cities as *Samarcand*, *Bokbara*, *Cash-* “ *gar*, and *Caracorum*.”

Ω Γης ἀπάσης Ασιαδος πολισματα,
Ω Περσιν αἶα, και πολυς πλατη λιμνη!

ÆSCH. Pers. v. 249.

† It is probable my Hero may in the future hour of his greatness assume like Timour the royal title of *Sahiba Kurraun*, which Mr. White informs me signifies literally the *Lord of the Conjunction* ; “ it being said there was a fortunate conjunction of the “ planets at his birth.” White’s Instit. of Timour, p. 21.

‡ White’s Institutes of Timour, p. 15.

* Dissert. Ed. 8vo. p. 126.

If wiser heads than mine should think your proposed scheme deserving of a trial, prepare for laborious exertions: your personal assistance will be required: it is your spirit, which infused through the mass, must pervade, unite, and invigorate every component member of it, from † Professor Craven to the *neediest Mussulman* of your adventurous crew.

History informs me that the timid parsimony of the 7th Henry rejected the offers of Bartholomew Columbus: and Mr. De Lolme, Citizen of Geneva*, has assured me that the Liberties of England were in danger of total destruction when that great Discoverer of the Western World was on his voyage to our Kingdom. But believe me, Sir, *you* may safely apply to the generosity of our present sovereign: I speak in the simplicity and loyalty of my heart, I apprehend no such fatal consequences from *your* endeavours: George † the Third, favourable as he is to our

† Among other Gentlemen I have heard that a Mr. *Professor COLLIER* (a sort of *Hebrew Abbate*) in the University of Cambridge, has had my *Heroic Epistle* ascribed to him. A friend of mine told me I need not be ashamed that my work had been ascribed even to a *Professor*, for *he* had not imbibed that solemn dullness which is the general consequence of such a promotion. Sir (added my friend with warmth) let me tell you, that Gentleman is a man of the very first character for taste, abilities, and extensive erudition: I can assure you he falsifies Butler's assertion (though true in many cases) that

*Hebrew roots are always found
To flourish best in barren ground.*

* See his ingenious, deep, and elegant Essay on the Constitution of England, Ch. 18.

† Old Stowe informs me in his Chronicle, p. 485, "That K. Henry VII. made a ship, named the *Great Harrie*, which ship, with the furniture, cost him 14,000l." Should the present king be inclined to favour Dr. Watson as Henry VII. did Sebastian Cabot, and if the Dr. can, like that able Genoese, convince the Majesty of England "by his Charts and other reasonable demonstrations," (Stowe, p. 482) of the utility of his scheme, and thereby incline his royal patron to construct a ship for the purpose, I think he could not do better than name the ship after the projector *Richard Watson*, "THE GREAT DICKY." A *Lion* would be a proper insigne on the stern.

Liberties, will, without hesitation, give his royal sanction to your Eastern Project. For this is the proper period, there is now a fortunate concurrence of circumstances which will tend to realize the wonders of your Asiatic dream: Junius † sounds in my ears, like the Apocalyptic warning voice, that “In the *shipwreck of a state, Trifles float and are preserved; while every thing solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.*” may our gracious sovereign

In this enlighten'd day,
 Feel, as thou feelst, Taste's Oriental ray;
 May He no longer with his favourite Sir William consider “a
 “Garden as the purest of all human pleasures;” but fancy-
 struck, may He revel in the ideal charms which will arise
 from the yet unexplored, and I firmly believe, exhaustless spring
 of Persian delights!

Sic fluat attonitus *Romana* per oppida Ganges!

WEAVE the warp and weave the woof,
 The web of ZOROASTER's race;
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of *Ind* to trace,

The web is wove; the mighty work is compleated; methinks
 the auspicious æra, the new Hejra, is arrived! The glorious
 dawn already gilds the Eastern clouds! The favouring winds
 already blow Sabæan odours from the spicy shore of Araby, and

† Junius, vol. 2. p. 276. Woodfall's Edit. 1772.

chear me with their grateful exhalations! Myriads of forms
come riding on their downy wings!—

But oh! what solemn scenes on *Carmel's* height,
Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll!
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, croud not on my soul—
No more our long-lost *Walton* we bewail,
All hail, ye genuine *Bards**, *Arabia's* issue, hail!

Lift up your head in exultation, O Professor; and thou, Richard
Watson, behold a sight marvellous in our eyes: lo! my doughty
arguments are weighed in the balance and found wanting: the
wisdom of an *unsolicited*† Parliament, and the senatorial prudence
of all-fostering *Granta* concur to adopt the salutary institution!

Alter erit jam Typhis, & altera quæ vehet Argo
Delectos Heroas, & Ipse videberis Illis!

* The Gothic Bards, and Scandinavian Scalds (or Polishers of Language) came originally from *the East*. *Odino et aliis qui ex Asia huc devenere, tribuunt Runas* (seu. Literas) multi Rerum Islandicarum periti, &c. Ol. Worm. Lit. Run. cap. 20. edit. Hafn. 1651. The acute Helvetius has justly observed, that "Long-temps avant Mahomet, *Odin* avoit etabli chez les nations les plus septentrionales, une Religion absolument semblable à celle du Prophete de l'Orient. De L'Esprit. Disc. 3. ch. 29. and no wonder, for they both drew from the same fountain of fiction first opened in the East; and which has watered all the schools of academics from *Odin* and *Mahomet* down to *Richard Watson*. See Warton's 1st. Dissert. prefixed to his Hist. Eng. Poet, and Percy's Notes on the Edda in the Northern Antiquities.

† Dr. W.'s Disc. p. 17.

Mark the Hebrew Palinurus, unwieldy Kennicott, stands nodding at the helm.—† See the chosen troop land on the destined shores—the inhabitants press forward with alacrity to receive the harmless adventurers; for peaceful is their merchandize; no Cortez or Pizarro waves his bloody steel o'er the gentle sons of Mithras: Lo, “The Kings of Arabia and Saba bring presents,” at whose bidding their *Escurials* and *Vaticans* burst their bars,

† I am afraid that, notwithstanding the solemnity with which this august *terraguous* Pageant is introduced, some *arch-wag standing by* may tell me as the Governor of the Fort told Tilburina, when she said, I see the fleets, &c. and now, and now, &c.

My Friend, thou canst not see this *Eastern Fleet*—

—For 'tis not yet in sight.

Nothing is safe from the shaft of Ridicule; and it must be confessed that the author of *the Critic* has done an irreparable injury to some of the most beautiful and striking Tragical passages from *Gorboduc* down to *Zoraida*, notwithstanding the able defence which the Composer of the last-named piece has made of many *apparent* absurdities in it, *because* the same absurdities exist in the page of—*Eastern Historians*. For if these *Historians* are permitted without censure to insert so many *purpurei panni* in their solemn *farragos*; he gravely infers that *English* Poets who write *outlandish* Tragedies may be allowed the same liberty a fortiori. Q. E. D. I was accidentally in a company where *Zoraida* was mentioned and it's *author*, who was said to be a Fellow of some College in Cambridge; a Gentleman who seemed to be *very well* acquainted with the *author*, addressed himself to me; “Sir, have you read this Tragedy?” Yes, Sir, I replied; “Let me inform you,” said the Gentleman, “that this author, without one *spark of genius*, or even of qualified originality (as appears by his tragedy) assumes not unfrequently, in writing and in conversation, the fastidious, dogmatical insolent tone of a frenchified Aristotelian Reviewer; not like the good Jambic, mentioned by Horace, *commodus et patiens*, he receives no *spondeos stabiles in jura paterna*; as to his tragical brochure, he does not indeed flame in the van and darken in the rear, for his annexed *Postscript* puts me in mind of the man in Dante

Che porta lume dietro, e se non giova.

“I would advise him to fix deeply in his mind the advice of Persius, *mensas relinque mycenis cum capite et pedibus*” and (in his own phrase) to “shelter himself behind the ample shield of Vida and Hurd;” and to remember that the jealous muse will seldom suffer the Poet's bays and critic's ivy to flourish in united verdure except on the brow of such a Bard as Cremona boasts. I heard, but could not contradict the Gentleman. I should not have mentioned this Tragedy, but that I thought nothing, which could in any degree illustrate Eastern manners or customs, foreign to this *Address*.

and

and reveal their hidden treasures; while the silky volumes † suspended in the hallowed mosques are unrolled before their eyes: no human victims, no Holocausts flame to the skies; but the blood of moths and parchment—piercing worm ascend as a grateful sacrifice to the manes of Abulfèda and Abaffai!

Now their returning canvas, “waving with orient colours,” swells obedient to the gale; the sacred vessel moves along the azure realm to the Persian mode of lutes and soft *Kirânas*; the names of *Watson* and *Downing* are wafted to climes as yet unknown to song: while the successful crew with honour hail our Albion’s hoary cliffs, native or hospitable to such famous wits, and sailing up the stream of Thames, in choral Pæans they assert triumphantly the undisputed, unalienable right of Great Britain to—— * ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS!

I have the honour to be

Rev. Sir,

Your much obliged

and devoted Servant,

Now my weary lips I close,

Leave me, leave me to repose.

† The most approved of their Poems, written in silk, in characters of gold, were with much solemnity *suspended in the temple*. Richardf. Dissert. 8vo. p. 6.

* I cannot conclude without expressing my sincere wishes that Dr. Watson’s proposed Institution may meet with it’s *deserved success*; and that he may in time be as
fortu-

fortunate, in procuring Oriental MSS. as Dr. Burney informs me *Padre Martini* has been with respect to those which relate to the Science of Music. I cannot help also in this place returning my most grateful acknowledgments to Dr. B. for having furnished me with several of the most entertaining passages in this Address. That Dr.'s account of *Padre Martini's* extraordinary collection is as follows; to be sure it rather reminds one of the *madidis cœnat que Socratus alis*—but what of that? It is the more agreeable for that very reason. “*P. Martini* is in possession of what no money can purchase, MSS. and copies of MSS. in the *Vatican* and *Ambrosian* Libraries, “and in those of *Florence*, *Pisa*, and other places for which he has had a faculty “granted him by the *Pope*, and particular permission from others in power.” (As I doubt not Dr. W. will have when he begins his tour on one of Dr. B.'s *Travelling Coats*, above-mentioned. *Cum Gætula ducem portabit Bellua luseum!*) “He,” (*P. Martini*) “has ten different copies of the famous *Micrologus* of *Guido Aretinus*, and as many made from different MSS. of *John de Muris*, with several “other very ancient and valuable MSS. He has one room full of them: two other “rooms are appropriated, &c. &c. &c. &c.” *Travels in Italy*, &c. p. 194.

Padre Martini, it seems, is writing a *History of Music* (as Dr. B. was at that time, with which he has since astonished the world) and Dr. B. informs us, “that he has “availed himself of *Padre Martini's* learning and materials, as he would of his *spec-tacles*.” (See *Travels* ut sup. p. 194.) There is one circumstance however in which Dr. Watson differs from *P. Martini*. Dr. B. says, “It is impossible by reading “his book to form a judgment of the *character* of this good and worthy man.” Now I think, that whoever peruses Dr. W.'s *Discourse*, and all his other writings, will (except he partake of the nature of *Theophrastus's* *Ανρ ἀνασθντος*) be able to form a very accurate judgment of the *character* of this good and worthy Professor.—And now, my dear Doctor, Professor, Archdeacon, or by what other name or stile thou hearest most delighted, I take my final leave of you: print, preach, and publish whatsoever your soul delighteth in; think no more of me; let not my *lethalis arundo* stick in your side; I am indeed beneath your notice. I shall never hereafter disturb you in the full and quiet possession of all your well-earn'd honours and emoluments; and conclude with wishing you not merely the *usufruct*, but the *plenum jus* (as the civilians love to talk) of your Pulpit, Schools, Arch-deaconry, &c. &c. &c. till you arrive at—the end of THE CHAPTER.

I Decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fati!

P. S. A Friend of mine mentioned Dr. Watson's Flemish-visaged *outlandish* Esquire or Groome of eville Guise J-hn S-m-nds, L. L. D. P. M. H. as a proper subject for an Heroic Epistle. Excuse me, I replied, as *Turnus* said of the *ventosus Drances*, *Nunquam animam talem dextrâ hâc*—he does not belong to the *Cæsarian Herd*, notwithstanding it may be said of him,

Nusquam nostro sub sidere talis

Bellua concipitur, sed furvâ gente petita.

JUV. Sat. 12.

This is the doughty Professor whom in his *Cancellarian* wisdom the Duke of Grafton sent to the University of Cambridge to lecture the *Lautorum pueros*, the future Ambassadors

bassadors at foreign courts, to instruct them in the graces, and the art of *speaking fluently*. He certainly was a proper person, having *read* all histories sacred and profane, from Moses down to Lockman's History of England by Question and Answer; and if you ask him, I have been informed he can *actually* tell you;

Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen patriamque novercæ

Anchemori, dicat quot Acestes vixerit annos,

Quot Siculas Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas, &c. Juv. Sat. 7.

He can do *all this*; and what more need be required of an Historical Professor? Politic experience and senatorial ability penetrate into the secret motives of action, and all the nicer hidden springs which operate in secret; it is a Professor's duty to *read*; it is the part of a man to profit from reading. Nevertheless, because of *his* deep reading and deeper judgment,

He frisking like a *Calf of Genius* skips,

Applies the trump Watsonian to his lips,

And with his Knight "pricks forth in ill-starr'd haste

"Comptroller-general of the *works of taste*:"

Such as the Byzantine Historians, Muratori, Gulielmus Vigornienfis, John de Beverley, Matthew Paris, with all other classical writers of ages *that* * heard of none. As to the Robertsons, the Stuarts, &c. Why should he hold communion with such modern Dabblers in History? No—

Fœdera Regum

Cum Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

Dictitat Albano Musas in monte locutas.

This is drinking at the fountain-head; none of Cicero's inanes rivuli; no, the fons ipse.—As the Professor constantly testifies the great use of the Italian language from a residence of several years in the country, he will admire my taste for recollecting this little Arietta in one of Metastasio's operas, as we are talking of fountains;

Qual diverrà quel fiume

Nel lungo suo camino,

Se al fonte ancor vicino

E torbido cos?

* I suppose I shall be told by some *English Lowthian* Pedant (the most intolerable of all Pedants) who has apprehended or more probably misapprehended some little part of what that great man and able Critic has delivered with singular acuteness on the subject of our National Grammar—I suppose, I say, I shall be told by such a personage, that I have here betrayed my ignorance of what he is pleased to call the *genius* of the English Language, which requires in this place *which* instead of *that*. Does it indeed? Wonderful discovery! This sort of Pedant is a *thing* which buzzes in coffee-houses, feeds on syllables, strives to digest whole particles, though the principles of its intellectual concoction are so feeble, as scarce to be able to perform even that operation; it wrangles about little words whose signification and grammatical position is perhaps dubious after all; it shews all its pretty knowledge in a few minutes; it smirks at its own sagacity; it admires its own delicate optics, which were given to it (in the words of a great Poet)

T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven!
Beatus Fannius!

O

As

As to the fountains of History, it is very necessary to have a good intellectual filtering stone to purify the stream; and as Dr. S-m-nds is intimate with Dr. Heberden †, he might apply to him for his; though I fear he will never be able to make half the use of it which that celebrated Archiater of London has done in most subjects, not forgetting Divinity ‡ itself; as I have been told that many of the best notes in Bowyer's Collection of Conjectures on the N. T. are to be ascribed to his pen. Dr. S-m-nds has visited remote countries (perhaps in Dr. Burney's * *desired mode*) and his Travels have rendered him what Shakespeare calls "worshipful Society." He is not only acquainted with the Apennines and the river Po, but with all the bye-crofs-roads in France, Germany, and Italy; with the flavour of the different wines in the Provinces, which he never fails to mention in an *untravell'd* company; and when he is engaged in some important narration, he is peculiarly famous for *hastening to the event*, lest (what indeed sometimes happens) the sense of the auditory should be lull'd, or in Theophrastus's expressive words, *τες ἀκοντας ἦτοι ἐπιλάθεσθαι, ἢ νυσταῖαι, ἢ μεταξὺ καταπόντας ἀπαλαττεσθαι.* (Theoph. *περί λαλίας.*) In his *dreams* he out-Josephs Joseph, though I believe Dr. W.'s *sheaf* was never known to do obeisance to *his*; he always relates them accurately and faithfully to his friends (like the *ἄνθρωπος ἀδολεσχῆς* of Theoph. or L'Homme impertinent of Bruyere, *εἶτα ὁ τῆς νυκτὸς εἶδεν ἐνυπνίον, τὸτο διηγήσασθαι*, which Greek I shall not translate as the country-curates are not concerned in this note.) He dreams of Chief-butlers and Chief bakers, of Princes, Counts, Dons, and Archbishops, from the Archbishop of Toledo to Dr. Watson, who combated together (as he has informed several companies in London and elsewhere) in some *visionary* theological *champ de drap d'or* before the Emperor of Germany (*coram Divo Maximiliano*) for a whole hour by the clock of the monastery of St. Jago di Compostella. See an etching of their famous combat published a few years ago. But while he is relating these *nocturnos lemures*, a strange effect ensues—"Behold a deep sleep falleth upon other men."—I have been told, what indeed I cannot believe, that though the Legislature has endowed the Modern History Professor with a stipend of 400l. per Ann. that each of the students who attend him *gratis*, make him a present of three Guineas for a Course of Lectures: as an advertising quack-doctor cures his patients for nothing, but adds in a N.B. a Guinea is expected in a letter by way of *compliment*. However such aspersions Dr. S-m-nds must know to be false, or the Legislature would have interfered, long before this, on whatever pretence (such as *buying books* for the Professor for the time being or any other) such compliments were made.—Under the auspices of Professor S-m-nds AMBASSADORS will arise, who shall hereafter vie with Lord Stormont in sending *early* intelligence of the proceedings in the French cabinet; with Sir Joseph Yorke in outwitting Burgomasters at the Hague; with young Fitzherbert in transmitting all the news *they can get* at Brussels; with Sir William Hamilton at Naples in giving accurate accounts to the Royal Society of future eruptions of Vesuvius; with Governors and Governesses of the West-India Islands; with all

† Dr. H. is famous for never drinking any water but what passes through a stone of this kind.

‡ As I am a lover of the fine arts, I have no more objection to a man's being a Conoscente in Law, Divinity, or Physic, than in pictures and statues.

* See Pref. to Trav. in Germany.

Consuls, Residents, Envoys, &c. &c. from the *picturesque* Sir Horace Mann at Florence, to Squire Cooke his Majesty's important consul at—Tripoli; or Barataria, 'tis all one.

As for modern languages this Professor is unequalled: it is not the *Rafel-amech-zabi-almi* of Dr. Watson (see the Motto to my Address) that *Babelic* Guazzabuglio; but a sort of *Lingua Franca*, or rather the *Lingua Giannizzera* of Arnaldo in Dante.

Ei cominciò liberamente a dire:
Tan m'abbelis votre curtois deman,
Chi en non puous, ne vueil a vos cobrire.
Jen suis Arnant, che plor, e vai cantan
Cou si tost vei la spassada folor,
Et vie gian seu le jor, che sper denan.
 Poi s'ascolse nel foco, che gli affina.

Purg. c. 26.

I leave this to be translated by the Dr. himself or the Language-master. I rest in silent expectation of *all* the advantages I have mentioned from the persevering diligence of this Professor, to whom I have paid this tribute, as his connections seemed to claim it at my hands. Dr. Watson I am sure will excuse this digression on his favourite Squire; for as on all other occasions Dr. S.'s *little bark sails attendant* on the Divinity Professor, I thought it but just, that on this occasion also it should *partake* of my Heroic gale; or that his Squire, to use the words of a great writer,

Should share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

A D D E N D U M.

I cannot help informing my Reader that I wrote my Heroic Epistle, and this Heroic Address, under a deep sense of the following awful decree denounced against such hardened literary Sinners as myself in the *Second Council of Carthage*:

SI QUIS CLERICUS AUT MONACHUS VERBA JOCLATORIA
 RISUM MOVENTIA CIEBIT, ANATHEMA ESTO.

As to my own *insignificancy*, and “destiny obscure,” if any kindred spirit should enquire my fate; I can say with La Bruyere in his Discourse to the French academy; Je n'ai ni poste, ni autorité,

autorité, ni credit, ni richesses, ni titres, ni faveur, je n'ai rien de ces choses; tout me manque. But I will speak in English (the language I love the best, though I have tasted of many) that I have a spirit which will never murmur at the distribution of earthly honours; I have the first genuine rapturous felicity which nature can bestow: Parents † who regard me with the unaltered eye of affection; an honest independent obscurity, which I am proud to consider as their gift, and from which my *sober wishes* have not as yet *learned to stray*; I have also a few bosom friends, to whom, though not distinguished by the lavish hand of fortune, or the gaudy titles which partial power can confer, I think it an honour to have approved myself: these are blessings which I feel with gratitude to the *Giver of all good gifts*; and while I have it in my power, will cry out with Cowley,

Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique silvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam.

As to either of my productions, I can declare with truth, that no part of them whatever, nor the characters of authors incidentally interwoven in the subject, have proceeded from any malignity of heart; I have sported in a field open to the world; I have striven to read the volume of nature; to seize characters which stand in relief, and are perhaps only *similar of virtue* ‡; I will bow before no golden image a Nebuchadnezzar may set up;

† See the Advertisement to this Address, p. v & vi.

‡ A divenir del mondo esperto
E degli vizi umani, e del valore.

DANT. Inf. c. 26.

I have made, and will always make it my endeavour to undermine the foundations of any *Colossus* that seems willing to *bestride this narrow world*; to shew men what they really are, while they pretend to lord it over their equals; to cure them of the fitful fever of pride,

Li guarir della lor superba febre;

to tear from before their face the vizor which deceives the vulgar; or to adapt the inimitable language of Shakespeare * to such a character; "I will name his name, and half his face shall be seen through the *Lion's* neck, and he himself shall speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect; If you think I come hither as a *Lion*, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man, as other men are; and there indeed he shall name his name, and tell the spectators plainly he is *Snug the Joiner*."

Tendiam le reti, sì ch'io pigli

La Lioneffa e i Lioncini al varco. Inf. c. 30.

These are my motives, and the public will I trust applaud them; but whether that be denied me or not, I think them just; and will once more use the words of Dante (for the sake of recommending to my compatriot youth this neglected wondrous man, who, next to our Shakespeare, has made the strongest draught of men and their passions that stands on the records of modern poetry)

Conscienza m'afficura,

La buona compagnia, che l'uom francheggia
Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi pura.

Inf. Cant. 28.

* *Midf. Night's Dream.*

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Innocent merriment, and the *proper* application of the most powerful weapon entrusted to man, I mean, Ridicule, are the best means of effecting this bold purpose: and the judges I rely upon, as the most unbiaſſed, impartial deciders on almoſt every ſpecies of merit are—the *youth* of the age, whom nature has enlightened and ſtudy improved. In this opinion I am not ſingular; two of the ableſt men of this century, or of any other perhaps, concur with me: I mean, D'Alembert, & Helvetius. The former ſays, “ Les *jeunes gens* qu'on regarde d'ordinaire comme d'aſſez mauvais Juges, ſont peut-être *les meilleurs* dans des matieres philoſophiques et dans *beaucoup d'autres*, lorsqu'ils ne ſont pas *dépourvus de lumieres*; parceque tout leur etant également nouveau, ils n'ont d'autre interet que celui de bien choiſir.” Disc. Prelim. de l'Encycl. Helvetius remarks, “ Dans la *premiere Jeunesse* on n'a point de motifs pour avilir le merite et les talens; on peut encore eſpérer de voir un jour eſtimer en ſoi ce qu'on eſtime dans les autres: il n'eſt pas ainſi *des hommes faits*. --- Auffi faut-il, *en général*, renoncer à l'eſtime des hommes de ſon age, et ne s'attendre qu'à celle *des jeunes gens*.” De l'Eſprit Disc. 4. c. 16. I alſo find his opinion on this ſubject in the laſt note to the 30th chap. of Disc. 3, “ Les Gens d'eſprit, qui trop *jeunes* encore pour avoir arreté leurs idées, avoir ſenti l'aiguillon de l'envie, ſaiſſiſſent avidement le vrai par tout ou l'apperçoivent. La plupart des autres hommes ſont des juges corrompus par la pareſſe ou par l'envie.” The Reader will not I hope conſider me ſuch a fool as to deſire he would apply theſe deep and important obſervations to ſuch a trifling brochure as this *Heroic Addreſs*; for I mean that it ſhould be the vehicle of my

my opinions on *many other* subjects, besides Dr. Watson's ludicrous *Arabic Scheme*; as I never probably shall have such another opportunity; I will therefore say with the Poet,

Et vos O Lauri, carpam, et te proxima Myrtus,
Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

As it would not become me to speak of myself *last*, I shall revert with all proper respect to my hero, and as his versatile *multinomiality* (a beautiful new word) is so very conspicuous, and as every body has admired *my celebrated application* * of Mr. Burke's description of the King of England to Dr. W. I will add Ausonius's account of the God Dionusus, which Dr. W. may also apply to himself:

Ogygia me *Bacchum* vocat;

Osirin *Ægyptus* putat;

Myfi *Phanacem* nominant;

Dionyson Indi existumant;

Romana Sacra *Liberum*;

Arabica sacra *Adoneum*; &c.

AUSON. Epig. 30.

But as the great Selden observes, that these titles all relate ultimately to the *Sun*; so the various appellations, viz. Archdeacon, Lion, Professor, Chymist, *Schænobates*, Electioneering Committee-man, &c. may be included in one comprehensive term *Watson*; or in the language of the great author just mentioned; Sit Osiris, sit Omphis, sit Nilus, sit Siris, five quodcumque aliud ab *Hierophantis* usurpatum nomen, ad unum tandem

* See my Heroic Epistle to Dr. W.

WATSONUM redeunt omnia. Selden de Diis Syris, p. 77. I have now finished with this wondrous man; I have answered his *Arabic* requests; I have attended him through Persia and the regions of the East; or to adapt Rabelais's words to my subject; Nous sommes assez à la décision empêchée de tant d'affaires controvers et d'importance. Nous avons vu le débat de Presthan Roy de Perse, et de Sultan Solymann Empereur de Constantinople. Nous avons clos le passage entre les Tartares et les Moscovites. Nous avons répondu à la requeste du Cerib (ou du Dr. W.) Rab. Prol. li. 4. Dr. W. is so extraordinary a personage, that I think he answers the idea of the famous *Piromis* mentioned by Herodotus (l. 2. f. 143.) a term which has puzzled many Commentators (I believe Dr. W. would puzzle them all) till Mr. Bryant discovered that it signifies merely *a man*. "Herodotus indeed says, "that the meaning of the word was καλὸς καγαθὸς, *a person of a fair and honourable character*: and so (adds Mr. Bryant) it might be taken by implication; but the precise meaning is plain from the context." Bryant's Myth. v. 1 p. 122. "Ringatur licet Scotus unus et alter (part of the Dr.'s *Verbocinations Latial* + at the last Commencement July 4, 1780, as they were reported to me) I will dare to assert, and in Dr. W.'s own words* "I fear not, in speaking truth, to offend them all," when I publish to the world

HIC VIR HIC EST.

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+ Dr. W. reminds me of certain persons of whom a humorous French author of the 16th Cent. thus speaks. Vous lez verrez avec de grandes lambeaux de Latin effarouchans des fauvettes—Fi, otez cela. BEROALD de Verville.

* Fast Sermon on Feb. 4, 1780, p. 8.

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